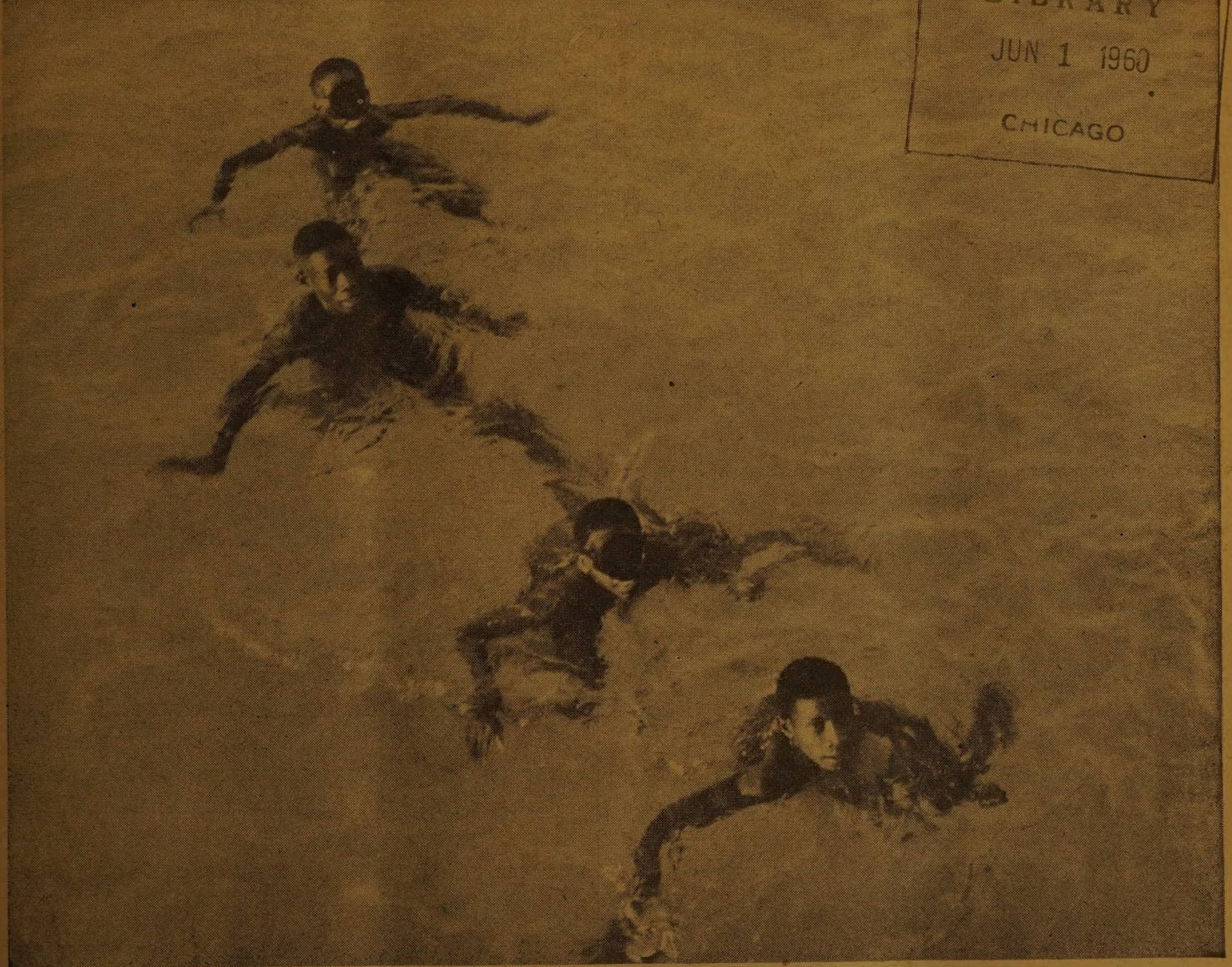
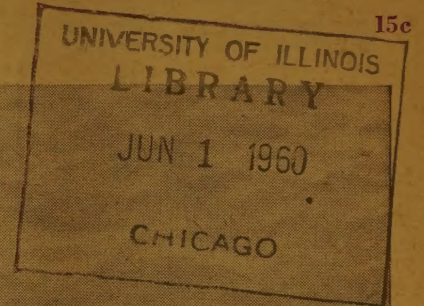


The Listener

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Vol. LXIII. No. 1624.

THURSDAY, MAY 12, 1960



Boys in Barbados waiting to dive for coins (see 'Has Man an Aquatic Past?' by Sir Alister Hardy, page 839)

The Danish Ombudsman and his Office

Stephan Hurwitz talks to H. W. R. Wade and J. A. G. Griffith

Kenya: the Decisive Years

By Margery Perham

An Interview with Willy Brandt

By Robert McKenzie

Barrie, the Sexless Sentimentalist

By David Daiches

A Self-portrait by Rembrandt

By David Piper

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Kenya: the Decisive Years

By MARGERY PERHAM

I HAVE just returned from what has become my annual visit to East Africa, and from Kenya I was able to bring back the impression that the recent constitutional conference at Lancaster House was the most important event in the history of the territory since it was annexed by Britain at the end of the last century.

I have been visiting Kenya with increasing frequency since 1930, so, looking back from this watershed of 1960, I can trace nearly half of the events from personal experience. Through my friendship with Lord Lugard my impressions go back even further—even to the time, seventy years ago, when he walked up from Mombasa to Uganda and took four months to do it. Then came the annexation; the building of the railway, the coming of the British settlers (members of my own family were among the earliest of these), their prolonged attempt to gain political control, and Britain's growing realization of the intractability of the relations between Europeans, Asians, and Africans. This resulted in the long sequence of commissions, committees, and White Papers which crowd my bookshelves. Later came the awakening of political consciousness among Africans; their representation on the Legislative Council; the Mau Mau rebellion; and, finally, Lancaster House. What happened there becomes all the more startling when one remembers that for almost the whole period the European colonists hoped to turn Kenya into a Southern Rhodesia, and that round about 1930 they nearly succeeded.

For now the road ahead is going to lead in a very different

direction. It will take us, I am sure—and soon—to African majority rule. This proposed Macleod constitution marks an important advance in the Africans' share of government. For they will probably get a good deal more than half the Legislature and, in the Executive, not counting officials, four Ministers against three Europeans and one Asian. True, the minorities will have rather greater representation than their numbers warrant, and also a Bill of Rights and other safeguards. But overshadowing these provisions is the assumption that this constitution is only a temporary stage on the way to full African control. While I was in Kenya I had some opportunity to consider the reactions of the several racial groups to this new state of affairs.

First, the settlers. For them Lancaster House was a place of disaster. If they have split, it is only a split between those who have forced themselves to accept harsh realities—and here I was deeply impressed by the courageous lead in realism given by Mr. Blundell and his supporters—and those who cannot bring themselves to do so. For the settlers face a future of complete uncertainty. History has dealt hardly with them. Originally they took advantage of a wonderful opportunity. Here were these cool uplands, almost—alas! not quite—uninhabited, crying out to be used by man, while at home the British Government was eager for such immigrants to produce a revenue and to make the long haul of the railway to Uganda pay its way. True, there was an African population, but it seemed then very scanty and primitive, and at that period, too, European colonization was regarded as the best agency of civilization for 'the natives'.

I have visited many European farms, mostly modest bungalows, set in Kenya's marvellous flowers. I have seen the crops; fruit of many different kinds; wheat; maize; the dark regiments of coffee; the light green of tea; the fine herds of Guernseys, Friesians, and the rest; all of them the result of long experiment and of costly fights with disease and drought. The settlers do not only cultivate the country of their adoption: they love it. It is indeed a country to love. There can be few more glorious drives in the world than the one that runs down from the Uganda border to Nairobi—rolling downs, patched with dark forests; sudden ravines so high that there is one climate at the top and another at the bottom; great lakes, embroidered with pink flamingoes; splendid mountains standing alone, like the snow-bearing Kenya itself, or in ranges—and always the immense blue distances. And then on the edges of cultivation there is the exciting promise of wild life, a gazelle sprinting across the road or an incredibly tall giraffe gazing at you from above the tree-tops. No wonder the settlers and their Kenya-born families find it hard to believe that their lives and fortunes are soon to pass under the control of the Africans, whom they have known as simple tribesmen, or as their rather amateur labour, suspicious, coveting, and now, perhaps, even claiming their farms.

Of course, the European population of 65,000 is not made up entirely of farmers. But indirectly a high proportion of Europeans are dependent upon European farming. And the farmers have dominated the politics of the country. They are the first true Kenya nationalists.

The second group, the Asians, slender and handsome, seem to fill the towns. They run the shops and the offices and some big businesses. One can see their clubs, schools, sports grounds, temples, mosques; their women enliven the streets with the coloured silks of their saris. But the Asians are not so politically strong as their numbers, some 200,000, might seem to warrant. And they tend to be regarded as interlopers—though in fact there were Asians on the coast long before the Europeans came. They are mostly small traders and craftsmen, and as such they seem to stand right across the immediate advance of the Africans. I have known leading Asians who were fine and generous citizens, but they have not been able to play as prominent a part as the British settlers. These, after all, had the British Government behind them in London. And then the Asians are split among themselves—Pakistanis and Indians, Moslems and Hindus, and the few but very important Christian Goans. Like the British settlers, they are all the innocent victims of a historical process they could not have foreseen and they are deeply worried to see in the small share allotted to them in the new constitution an alarming index of their present weakness.

Finally there are the Africans whose 6,000,000 now threaten to engulf all the other groups. Upon them now lies—or soon will lie—the main responsibility for the future of Kenya. Even if there were no immigrant group, the tribes who happened to be included in this haphazard slice of Africa would not offer a very promising foundation for nationhood. Their contact with the outer world has been brief as compared, for instance, with that of West African peoples. They have only recently been able to produce

their first, un-trying, generation of leaders, mostly educated in the West. And between these men and the masses there is no relatively large, sophisticated semi-educated class of clerks, traders, mechanics, and the rest that one finds on the west coast. Secondly, they are very unevenly and patchily distributed over the surface of the country. Thus their two main blocks of population are round Lake Victoria and on the lovely wooded and watered hills of the Central Province, with the European Highlands between them. Thirdly, they are divided not only by tribe—and tribes that have no political unity—but also by race, into Bantu, Nilotic, and half-Hamite. These divisions can be bridged by the handful of educated leaders at the top. But between the masses there remain real cleavages not only of language and custom but of way of life, since most of the half-Hamites are pastoral people, while the Bantu are primarily agriculturists.

Physical division, tribal division, and educational immaturity: here are three weighty handicaps for the new, inexperienced leaders. Yet next year, if not earlier, they must appeal to the even more inexperienced voters in a first general election. Common political ideas can hardly yet exist among them, but common emotions do; and these are the electoral raw material out of which policy and unity have to be made. Unfortunately such emotions tend to be all negative—anti-colonialism, anti-European, anti-settler, anti-Asian—coupled, inevitably, with an immense desire to gain quickly the good things of life, money, land, education, senior posts, rapid promotion.

I know some of the leaders, and I was able, the other day, to talk with them while they were considering whether they were considering whether to accept some ministerial positions in the Government now, or to hold aloof for a while. I found their attitude was extremely interesting. Negroes have been told for



On a European farm in Kenya: an African worker helping to adjust a plough

so long that they are backward that, in very natural reaction, they will not now themselves admit that they suffer from any handicaps. They therefore shrug off the need for some apprenticeship in ministerial responsibility. They have so worked up their followers' thirst for immediate *uhuru* that they might well become the victims of their own agitation. For as they begin to handle the hard realities of public life, they will need to urge upon their supporters those very compromises and delays which they have taught them to reject: if they do, they will risk their own political lives; if they do not, they will risk the life of Kenya. Fortunately our latest news is of some courageous African rebukes for extremists.

Rich countries can stand shocks. But Kenya is not rich. It may look big on the map; but, apart from the coastal strip, its peoples are crowded into the high rainfall area, that is only about a quarter of the whole. Here the cultivators may be 400 to the square mile, while south, east, and still more to the north are vast steppes where the pastoral people following their gaunt beasts from one water-hole to another are only two or possibly four to the square mile. Could this poor country, this brittle economy, stand having the large immigrant sector which is built into it roughly cut down or torn right out? Its total revenue is little over £30,000,000, and until recently almost the whole of the exports were the products of European farms. Even today they grow



A Luo elder at South Nyanza

The question makes us face two hard truths. The first is that the climate of our world has changed from that of the nineteen-twenties and 'thirties, when our countrymen so confidently founded their little colony in the very heart of black and quiescent Africa. It is a world in which Britain is relatively weaker and poorer, which is now almost 100 per cent. hostile to the domination of white over black, a world in which African nations are asserting their influence. Two of them, Ethiopia and the Sudan, are right on Kenya's borders. Two others, Uganda and Tanganyika, her other neighbours, have been promised freedom soon. Kenya's African leaders have plugged in to all these electric forces round them, drawing a power from them which they could not generate in an insulated colony. Mau Mau showed that even a rebellion within one tribe, and so repulsive a movement that it could not attract much external sympathy, would have ruined the Colony but for British forces and also some £25,000,000 of British aid. The settlers on the isolated farms and the Christian and loyal Kikuyu bravely endured this murderous nightmare. But could they do it again? Could any British Government allow them to take a risk so costly to them and to us?

The second hard fact is that, not the Kenya problem itself, but the acute form in which it presents itself today, is partly due to mistakes in the past. In these both the settlers and the British Government share. From the nineteen-twenties onwards voices were not wanting to warn against Kenya's land and labour policies. Official attention, almost up to the second world war, was concentrated far too much upon settler interests and problems. Take one example: it is not many years since the prohibition was lifted upon the Africans growing coffee. Now their neat little terraced coffee plantations decorate the wooded hills of both Kikuyu

and Kamba. Production has risen dramatically and Africans have even won prizes for the best coffee in the Colony. So they can say, with some justice, that if this kind of development had begun rather sooner, the economy would have been more healthy because more balanced. Again, with greater foresight fifteen—even ten—years ago, much more could have been done to train Africans for responsibility in politics and in administration. And on the political side it was the prolonged struggle of the settlers to gain control that kept the Colony restless, and which gave the Africans both a lesson in agitation and also a deep fear of the claims of the settler.

What then? Have we, as many of the settler leaders and their friends over here tell us, made a dreadful mistake in committing this precarious Colony so suddenly into inexperienced African hands?

African memories, deeply rooted in their land, are long, and unfortunately they have some reason to look back in anger. They seem to find their only escape from the long stigma of racial inferiority in unqualified self-assertion. If the few moderate and experienced Africans attempt to co-operate with the Government, those who cannot argue with them in rational terms may use the cruel weapon of intimidation. Its use is terribly rife in Africa today, and while I was in Kenya there were already signs of its revival in the Kikuyu districts. Africans have no monopoly in cruelty, but there has been little in their experience to teach them respect for human life.

In Kenya, between the evils of going too fast or going too slow, the first evil has been chosen. Can we find any mitigators of this evil? It is surely to the good that the spirits of some millions of people should be released from a sense of inferiority and given hope of stretching out their arms and lifting up their heads in the attempt to build something by themselves and for themselves. However badly they may do it at first, they will at least have begun this inescapable process. For once they become conscious of their deep need for self-assertion, the control of the British Government, though I believe that it has been essential hitherto in Africa, ceases to be beneficial, and in time may even become injurious to both sides. At this stage the one purpose must be to transfer power with the largest possible measure of goodwill.

The next few years, while Britain still retains the ultimate control, will be decisive. The Africans will need political guidance and financial support to keep the ship steady to face the still rougher waters of independence ahead. But this must be supplied with the utmost tact. Only in this way can we save the Africans from imperilling their own future by throwing the minorities overboard, with all the wealth and skill they represent. The mood of revolt will pass: self-assertion will find some satiety. And there will be steadying influences other than those of Britain at work; there will be those, we may hope, of the Commonwealth club, and of other nations and international agencies whose confidence the Africans will have both to win and to keep. There

will be intricate and hazardous problems over which they will need advice and help: Zanzibar claims on the coast; Somali claims on the northern frontier; the need for East African unity. These and other unavoidable problems may force the new African leaders to develop the necessary qualities of statesmanship. For responsibility can be a good schoolmaster, and at Lancaster House Mr. Macleod had the courage and strength to open the door through which the Africans can now go forward to the greatest of all responsibilities — independence.

—Third Programme



Class of Asian boys in a government high school in Nairobi

Brandt of Berlin

An interview with ROBERT McKENZIE

This interview with Herr Brandt, who is Governing Mayor of West Berlin, was telerecorded in the ruins of the Reichstag building and shown by B.B.C. television on May 1

Willy Brandt: This old Reichstag building really is one of the historic monuments of modern Germany. It was built when Bismarck was Chancellor, and after the first world war it was from this place that the Germans tried to build up democracy, the Weimar Republic, which failed. Then Hitler took power in the beginning of 1933, and a few weeks after he had become Chancellor we had the famous Reichstag fire, which gave the signal for the big arrests and started the terror régime.

Robert McKenzie: I find it curious that the Russian writing on the walls is still here, fifteen years after the Russian army arrived in 1945.

Brandt: Yes. There is a good deal of symbolism in it. Hitler, who said that he would protect this country and Europe from communism, brought communism to this city by the results of his policy. The Russian soldiers came here in May 1945, and we still find their slogans on all the walls.

McKenzie: Tell me, Herr Brandt, where were you when the Reichstag fire occurred?

Brandt: I was just over nineteen and I lived in Lübeck on the Baltic; but I remember the day well. I came to Berlin only a fortnight after that, but it impressed us very much and many of us had the feeling that this was the beginning of a terrible period. Yet I must say none of us thought that the results of it would be so much of a catastrophe for the whole of Europe.

McKenzie: As a young man active in left-wing politics, you must have been in some danger yourself then?

Brandt: That is true. I couldn't stay in my home town, so it was decided that I should leave. I left for Norway, where I lived until the German occupation of that country, and then I stayed in Sweden during the rest of the war.

McKenzie: I have been reading an advance copy of your autobiography, and I gather you did make at least one trip back into Hitler Germany in that period?

Brandt: Yes, I lived here in this city of Berlin during the second part of 1936.

McKenzie: It must have been a terrifying experience to be back in the very heart of it?

Brandt: I think the strongest impression of that time is that one felt as if one lived in enemy territory. One had to be so careful about everything because, unfortunately, Hitler had succeeded in getting the support of a great proportion of my fellow-countrymen.

McKenzie: You were, of course, living in Norway at the time yourself. Did you find that all of us in the Western world were slow to realize what was happening in your country?

Brandt: I think many people found it hard to believe that

certain things could happen, and many were inclined not to believe the stories about the concentration camps; and most of all, I think, many people were inclined not to believe that Hitler's régime must necessarily lead to war.

McKenzie: One of the things that I find difficult really to grasp in your own life is this. You had become a Norwegian citizen, having fled from Germany, and yet you chose at the end of the war to leave what after all is a happy kind of society in Scandinavia, and come back here and face the appalling ruin of Berlin and to make your life here again.

Brandt: I think I felt at that time that I had a task to fulfil in this country. In Norway they had many democrats, shall we say. In Germany one needed people with some experience, and I had a feeling then, which has not changed, that this place, Berlin, had something to do not only with the life and the future of the few million people living here but it had something to do also with the conditions of freedom in this part of the world; and it had also something to do with the protection of peace. I was convinced, and still am convinced, that certain things have to be settled in this part of the world if we are not going to face another period of serious trouble.

McKenzie: But the sheer physical discomfort of coming back to the ruins must have been almost totally disheartening. I remember talking to you in 1948, and you seemed to me to be, if not despondent, at least pessimistic about the future of Berlin.

Brandt: I must confess that I thought certain things would take much more time than they have taken. I did not expect that German reconstruction would develop as it has done. I did not expect that Berlin, being the divided capital of a divided country, could be transformed as it has been. In addition to that, I thought we would have much more trouble with neo-Nazi elements than we have had. So, compared with my feelings then, I feel much more happy today. At the same time, I must confess I thought then Germany would become a more modern country than it has become during these years.

McKenzie: How do you mean 'more modern'?

Brandt: With all respect to the Chancellor and his government in Western Germany, I think Germany shows many signs of an authoritarian type of democratic régime, if I may call it that, and I had expected that we would not see so many links between the times before the first war and our times today.

McKenzie: It is almost neo-Bismarckian rather than neo-Nazi?

Brandt: Yes, just that.

McKenzie: But how much has this survival of Berlin, which has in a way surprised you, been due to the subsidies which the Americans to begin with, and then the West Germans later, have carried on? Are you an artificially created state just propped up by aid from outside?

Brandt: No. Of course Marshall Plan aid played a great role



Herr Willy Brandt (right) with Robert McKenzie during the television programme from the ruins of the Reichstag

in rebuilding our industries, and our fellow countrymen in Western Germany have given us money so that we could build up our houses; but the main source of the reconstruction of Berlin has been the work of the Berliners themselves. Our ability to live on the results of our own work has been increased from year to year.

McKenzie: In the blockade of 1948-49 you must have come fairly close to being strangled here. Could you survive another blockade, if Mr. Khrushchev's current threats came to a blockade again?

Brandt: I do not believe in these threats, Mr. McKenzie, for two reasons. One is—and this is the great difference between the situation today and the situation in 1948—we have reserves of food and raw materials, coal, other things, so that we would be able to live for almost one year without supplies from abroad.

McKenzie: I was, however, told when I came in during the blockade period, that if the Russians and the Communists round you here had been prepared to cut off your water supplies, which they could have done then, they could have frozen you out in a week. Is this still true?

Brandt: It is not true now. We are independent as far as water, gas, and electricity is concerned. But there is one other reason why I do not believe in a new blockade, and that is that the story of a beleaguered city with the weapon of starvation directed against it is a story hard to sell abroad, and I think Mr. Khrushchev knows it. The sympathies not only of the West but also of the non-committed areas would be with the fate of such a city.

McKenzie: But surely there is something to be said for Mr. Khrushchev's argument that you cannot go on for ever on the present basis here in Berlin? The allies, the three Western Powers represented here, are here by right of conquest, and surely there is something to be said for some kind of normalization of the life of Berlin on some new basis?

Brandt: That is true. On the other hand, I would agree with the former U.S. Secretary of State, Dean Acheson, who once said that the world has to live with its problems. This does not mean that the world has to live with all of its problems all of the time, but you cannot solve all problems at once, and I think it must be clear that the abnormal situation in Berlin is just a consequence of the split of Germany. This does not exclude discussion of certain modifications of practical questions, but it would be a grave error if one changed or weakened allied responsibilities; that would not only be bad for people living here.

McKenzie: Does this mean, then, that you would rule out one of the suggestions that Mr. Khrushchev has put forward; namely, that this ought to become a free city guaranteed by the United Nations, and without allied occupation forces in it?

Brandt: I think that is not a good proposal. I am much in favour of strengthening the United Nations organization. On the other hand, what the free city proposal really means is to bring the Western garrisons out of Berlin and over to Western Germany, and to bring the Russian garrison just out of the city, to the other side of the street. So the city, as a whole, would be free from foreign troops but would be surrounded by Russian divisions.

McKenzie: You are not suggesting that the few thousand allied troops here are in any serious way a defence of Berlin? President Eisenhower himself said that the hydrogen bomb is the only defence of Berlin.

Brandt: Yes and no. There is a good symbolic value in the presence of allied garrisons here, and perhaps they even represent something like a trip-wire defence. We must not only think in terms of a great war.

McKenzie: In the kind of uprising that occurred here in 1953, where your East Berliners rose against the Communists, I suppose the presence of allied forces, in a way, might even restrain the natural impetus of your own people to go and help them. Don't you feel, though, that as long as this situation exists, Berlin cannot be even remotely a normal city for your people?

Brandt: I would agree with that, but I would say compared



A meeting of the Reichstag in 1938. Hitler, facing the camera, is in front, left

with the conditions in Communist Germany, West Berlin is the only normal city of German territory east of the Elbe river. It is not normal if you compare it with pre-war conditions, but you have to compare it with the conditions in East Germany.

McKenzie: One has the feeling that Dr. Adenauer takes the view that any change in the present situation which might be discussed at the Summit would be a change for the worse, and that therefore he does not want any change at all.

Brandt: I would agree with the Chancellor that it is hard to believe that Mr. Khrushchev started the Berlin crisis in order to improve conditions here for the Berliners, and I agree also with the Chancellor that the basic allied rights should be maintained; and this, I think, is a Western position. I think also that there must be no concessions, as far as the freedom of the Berliners is concerned, to express their own views and elect their government, and there must also be strong links, as there are today, between West Berlin and West Germany. Because this belonging to a larger currency area, even judicial area, is the main source of transforming a desert of rubble and ruin into a new, flourishing centre of economic and cultural activities.

McKenzie: Do you also agree with the Chancellor in what seems to me, reading his speeches, to be his impression that the weak link in the allied chain, as far as Berlin is concerned, is Britain? I have the feeling the Chancellor thinks that if anybody is prepared to give in on Berlin, it is the British.

Brandt: I would not comment on what the Chancellor may think, but my own impression is that if we go back to the Geneva conferences last year, there is no reason to be critical about the position taken by Mr. Selwyn Lloyd there. He was a good friend to this city during those discussions, and some of us know that if anything has played a great role in British policy—not only during recent years—it has been being very firm as far as the freedom of small nations is concerned. Berlin is not a nation, it is only a city, but we feel absolutely sure that the British Government and the British people will go on protecting us. We have not forgotten, for example, the sacrifices the British people bore during the period of the air lift in 1948-49.

McKenzie: May I put to you, Herr Brandt, the kind of worry which some of us have in the West still about Germany? Take the matter of the frontiers of present Germany. Since I have been here in Berlin I have seen maps which show the territory

(concluded on page 862)

The Listener

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Barrie's Sentiment

THE anniversary three days ago of the birth of Sir James Barrie, the Scottish author and playwright, was marked in the Third Programme by a talk from Mr. David Daiches of Cambridge University, which we now print in THE LISTENER. His summary of Barrie is certainly an astringent one. Those who accept it may well think that its value lies in forcing people to take a critical look at Barrie's achievement rather than to memorialize the man. If Barrie's admirers think that Mr. Daiches has been too severe on their hero and in particular has undervalued (or even misunderstood) both *Peter Pan* and *The Admirable Crichton*, most of them will recognize that Mr. Daiches has put his finger on the essence of Barrie's appeal in making its sentimental nature stand out so clearly. Barrie did indeed exploit 'his public's emotional concern with human relationships'. Whatever view we may take of this sentimentality today, it undoubtedly impressed our grandfathers. Barrie's stories were among the most widely read literature of late Victorian England and his plays were the rage of Edwardian. His baronetcy of 1913 and the Order of Merit he received later were as typical of the esteem in which he was held—as a public figure—as the success of his Rectorial Address to St. Andrews University on the subject of *Courage*. What was the secret of Barrie's power?

Clearly his kind of sentimentality supplied a need for the immediate public of his day and one that was deeply felt. Other contemporary writers succeeded with works as syrupy as those of Barrie. Jerome K. Jerome put as much sentimentality into *The Passing of the Third Floor Back* for its opening at the St. James's Theatre in London on September 1, 1908, as Barrie did into *What Every Woman Knows* at the Duke of York's two days later. In the 'nineties, *Sentimental Tommy* had been published only two years after a Scottish clergyman, under the pseudonym of Ian Maclaren, had written a best-seller called *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush*, which a modern critic has described as a rather thin collection of blameless 'sketches' entirely lacking in plot. Indeed the writings of Barrie, of 'Maclaren', and of S. R. Crockett (also born in 1860) seemed to have so much in common that they were quickly classified as the 'Kailyard School', kailyard being a cabbage patch, and their writings one way of looking at the vegetable-growing back-gardens of the humble Scottish folk whom all three writers chose to parade before their British and American middle-class readers.

The speed with which sentimentality could bring rewards to a writer had been well demonstrated much earlier in the century by the success of Charles Dickens, particularly of novels like *David Copperfield* or *Little Dorrit*. The fashion overflowed into the theatre, where the public was nurtured on repertory melodramas in which sentiment was rife. Barrie's plays suited the static society of Edwardian England, where no particular need was felt for drama to contain a social message or indeed any message at all. The play was the thing and entertainment had better be the play. Even Shaw, who was to revolutionize some of this, found—as a dramatic critic—enjoyment in the first night of *The Little Minister*. 'Mr. Barrie', he wrote, 'is a born storyteller; and he sees no further than his stories—conceives any discrepancy between them and the world as a shortcoming on the world's part'.

What They Are Saying

The Commonwealth Conference

THE BROADCASTERS of the Communist countries have opened up with a full battery of Leninist dialectic on the Commonwealth Prime Ministers' Conference. A Moscow radio commentator, speaking to British listeners, said:

It is in vain that some people in Britain try to present the Commonwealth as an example of a democratic solution of the national problem. The situation in South Africa, Nyasaland, Kenya, and Cyprus testifies to the contrary. The oppressed peoples have risen against discrimination, and the Commonwealth has become a fierce struggle for freedom and national equality.

The Soviet commentator went on to suggest that the British Conservatives' policy to meet this situation was quite inadequate. As had been shown by the recent Conservative pamphlet, *The Winds of Change*—which had advocated abolishing the Colonial Office and the term 'colony'—what was envisaged was merely a change of name rather than 'a consistent democratic policy'.

Another Communist commentary—on the Slovak home service—comparing the Communist bloc with the Commonwealth, made a claim which might be held to be bold if not extravagant:

The British imperialists are faced with a difficult situation. The Soviet Union and the socialist countries have already shown to the whole world the principles of a new foreign policy, based on negotiations between equals without any discrimination . . . World imperialism, including British imperialism, must nowadays carefully disguise all its old efforts for domination and cover them with phrases about economic and political advantages. This is the difficult task the leaders of the British Commonwealth face at their conference.

The East German home service gave a dispatch analysing the 'factors splitting' the Commonwealth:

Propaganda tries to make the world believe that the Commonwealth is a family composed of free, independent and democratic countries, a family of members with the same traditions and linked by the symbol of the British crown. Yet this touching picture is false. India, Pakistan, and Ghana have decided in favour of a Republic and thus severed their ties with the British crown. In Pakistan a military dictatorship is ruling, in Rhodesia a small minority of white people. Besides, there is no united policy in the international field. . . . How is it that this anachronism still holds together? The answer is not very difficult. Imperialism still exerts a very great influence on newly independent countries through British monopoly capital; and the political liberation of these countries has brought to power the bourgeoisie, big landowners and so on which, even before political independence, were connected with the British colonial masters and co-operated with them.

According to the Hungarian home service the relatively tender treatment accorded by the British Government to South African policies had an economic motive:

Why does the British Government not carry its condemnation a step further . . . The British Government is faced with a dilemma . . . Of the £1,580,000,000 invested in South Africa Britain holds more than half. On the London Stock Exchange South African shares and bonds are very important, and that capital is built on *apartheid*.

To judge, however, from West German transmissions certain regrettable events have recently occurred inside the Soviet Union. The West German reports said that information had reached diplomatic circles in Bonn about an incident in Moscow University in March, involving a brawl between African and Soviet students at a dance when a Negro student had been injured. African students were said to have protested to the university authorities and had threatened to boycott lectures and other events in university life. They had also asked for permission to found an African students' association, a request which had been refused and countered by an invitation to them to join the communist Afro-Asian organization. It had been reported that many African students had expressed the wish to leave the Soviet Union.

—Based on information collected by the B.B.C. Monitoring Service

DERRICK SINGTON

Did You Hear That?

BLACK COMBE

'BLACK COMBE is the most conspicuous object on the whole of the north-west coast of England', said NORMAN NICHOLSON in 'The Northcountryman at Large' (North of England Home Service). 'It stands in the south of Cumberland on the V-shaped peninsula made by the sea on the one side and the River Duddon on the other. You can see it from the North Pier at Blackpool, bullocking out into the late evening sky. You can see it from Wales and from the Isle of Man. I once travelled seven and a half hours by train into Scotland, to get away for a change, and when I went outside the next morning, there, across the Solway, was unmistakably Black Combe.'

'I say "unmistakably" because Black Combe has a highly individual shape. It is unlike most of the other fells of the Lake District — all spikes and pinnacles and buttresses like a Gothic cathedral. The rock it is made

of is older, and, when it weathers, it does not split into crag and scree: it wears smooth and sleek and glossy like the hide of an animal. It is a solid hill, almost circular, and with steep sides and a flattish, rounded top: like a bowler-hat, in fact.

'If this sounds as if Black Combe were one of those all-above-board places with no secrets and no surprises, then I have given a completely wrong impression. For along those flanks, planed almost perpendicular by the glaciers of the Ice Age, there are little puckers and pleats and folded-away valleys. Go from the south, the Whicham side, into Hall Gill Beck or Hall Beck Gill (which are two different places) and you will find yourself drawn into a great funnel of rock and bracken and falling water. Only 200 yards from the main road and you are shut off from the world, with the stonechats and the redstarts and the black-and-yellow wagtails skittering among the parsley fern—and all this at a time when the more celebrated spots in the Lakes are packed like a promenade.

'It is the same at Whitbeck, on the seaward side, or at Gibson Spout, above Bootle—this bare, obvious-looking hill has its crannies, its recesses, its snuggeries, and back-parlours open only to regular and favoured customers. Not far to the north is Devoke Water, the blackest and least-visited of all the Lakes, and to the east is Swinside, the bleakest and least-visited of our three great megalithic stone circles. The becks gouge deep into the glacial clay, running, half out of sight, in a trough or culvert, and in winter they hang lace-curtains of ice from the top of the fell to the bottom'.

LOOKING AFTER THE PAST

'Few people realize', said BRYAN SILCOCK in 'London Calling Europe', 'what a lot of work has to be done on many of the exhibits in a museum before they can be put on view. I recently visited the laboratory of the British Museum in London, where objects are sent in for examination from all over the world. Every

object has to be treated differently, but certain methods have been developed, for example for bronze. When bronze is buried in soil it comes into contact with water containing dissolved salts and the two different metallic phases in bronze, together with the conducting salt solution, make what is called an electrolytic system. The result is that one phase corrodes away and insoluble salts are deposited on the surface of the metal. This is the origin of the 'patina', the distinctive surface, on old bronze objects.

'If the patina is comparatively thin, and in a stable con-

dition, and if it does not obscure any interesting detail on the surface of the metal, it is usually left. Even so some treatment is often necessary since if the bronze has been in contact with chlorides in the soil the patina will contain cuprous chloride, and cuprous chloride may lead to further corrosion even in a museum showcase. But often the patina has to be removed completely in order that an exhibit can be seen to its full advantage. Usually the various layers are removed by chemical means. First the green basic copper carbonate is dissolved by immersing the object in a solution of alkaline Rochelle salt. Then the purplish cuprite is destroyed with dilute sulphuric acid. Finally the layer of cuprous chloride is removed by electrolysis, a sort of electroplating in reverse. Even after this treatment there is often a chloride left in the porous metal, which may cause further corrosion and is difficult to remove. One way is to wash the object in successive baths of distilled water, with ultrasonic waves passing through the water and making the object vibrate slightly so that the particles of cuprous chloride are literally shaken out.

'In 1958, under the ruins of a twelfth-century church on St. Ninian, one of the Shetland Islands, archaeologists found a hoard of twenty-eight silver-alloy objects, which seemed to have been buried about A.D. 800. One of them was a unique hanging bowl. It was originally thought to consist of two parts, an outer bowl and an inner bowl or liner, but careful examination showed that the supposed liner was in fact a separate bowl. Apparently one had been thrust into the other



Black Combe, Cumberland



Restoring a bronze head in the research laboratory of the British Museum

at the time of burial to save space. The bowls were made of a silver alloy containing a lot of copper. The outer bowl, with the loops for hanging, had a heavy silver-gilt escutcheon inside and three supporting ribs, running from the base to the rim, made of the same material. The bowl was found broken in one place between two of the ribs. The silver-gilt was in fairly good condition, but the body of the bowl was very heavily corroded. The copper was almost completely mineralized and all that was left was a layer of silver about as thick as a piece of newspaper sandwiched between two layers of mineral.

'This is how the bowl was treated. The rim was supported with wire covered with plastic, and the ribs and base were cleaned by applying swabs of cotton-wool soaked in hot formic acid. Because of the interior bowl, the inside of the hanging bowl had been protected, and it was less corroded than the outside. The inside was therefore cleaned first with a spray of fine grit driven by compressed air. That removed most of the mineral layer, but the process had to be completed by scraping with a needle ground to a flat end, the delicate work being done with the help of a binocular microscope.

'Since the strength of the bowl was almost entirely due to the outer mineral layer, before this could be removed the inside had to be temporarily strengthened. This was done by mounting the bowl on a turn-table, covering the hole with a bit of shaped plasticine, and painting the inside with several coats of a solution of the plastic 'polystyrene', which set to a stiff film. When the strengthening film was hard the outside of the bowl was cleaned in a similar way to the inside, and then lacquered. The polystyrene was only intended as a temporary support while the outside of the bowl was being cleaned. After seven days it shrunk away according to plan and was removed. In the meantime experiments were carried out to find a suitable material for a permanent reinforcement. A synthetic resin which set in the cold was finally chosen. But it was not easy to find the right substance: it must adhere to the metal since it should not shrink, it had to be transparent, and strong heat which might damage the bowl could not be used to set it.

'Before this resin was applied the hole in the bowl was covered with plasticine as before, but this time the broken fragments were inserted into it and the gaps between them made roughly the right colour by rubbing silverpowder over them. The new resin was then applied in much the same way as the polystyrene solution. In a few hours it had set to a hard transparent film. The film held the broken pieces in place, so the plasticine could be removed.

'Even after this treatment, the bowl must still be kept in an air-conditioned cabinet, since the mineral material still left in the silver could cause further corrosion. But the bowl is now strong enough to be handled and both the inside and the outside can be seen in something like their original form'.

LAST SUMMER AND THIS SEASON'S FLOWERS

Many people have been asking whether last year's wonderful weather is likely to have a good effect or a bad effect on this year's flowers. Already noticeable has been the unusual abundance of this year's catkins, especially the hazel. FRANCIS ROSE discussed this question in 'Nature News' (Network Three, from the West of England.)

'We have an explanation for this abundance', he said, 'though whether it is the right one we cannot be absolutely certain. It

applies this year too to the alder. It is possible that the hot sunshine of last year has enabled these trees to store up large quantities of food which is now being utilized in the production of abundant flowers, and this may lead to a particularly good crop of seeds. This point may be of particular interest in the case of the beech, which tends to have mast years at intervals. The last notable mast year of the beech in this country was in 1950, and this followed the last really hot, prolonged summer that we had, in 1949. So it does seem that there may be some connexion between a very hot summer, with its wonderful opportunities for growth and photo-synthesis and accumulation of food, and a fine

crop of flower and fruit the following year.

'There are other ways in which last summer's weather might affect plants. For instance, there are several groups into which we can divide the British flora. And one of these groups consists of species whose main home is in southern Europe, or on the shores of the Mediterranean. In their original home these species have a resting season during the hot, dry summer. They carry out most of their growth during the early spring, flower and fruit, and then tend to dry up. After a summer like last year's it is quite possible that such species may benefit. They have had a wonderful chance to store up much food, and the hot, dry weather afterwards, when they are in the dormant state, may have a beneficial effect on them. Dryness in the resting season may also benefit



Clay tablets from the British Museum's Department of Egyptian and Assyrian Antiquities being treated for the removal of infiltrated salts. Right: cuneiform tablets before treatment (left) and after, showing the clean surface

perennial plants, particularly those with tubers, by keeping down diseases and pests of various kinds. Fungi and bacteria tend to be reduced by dry conditions, and slugs tend to be kept down too.

'There are several types of habitat that it will be worth naturalists looking at this

year. First, the dry open slopes on the chalk and limestone downs of southern and central England. Here there are a number of terrestrial orchids and such delightful plants as the pasque flower, and many of the species of the labiate or dead-nettle family and of the pea family. These are species of southern or central European origin which may tend to benefit from such a summer. We have also woodland species like the lesser celandine and the ramsons or wild garlic. On the other hand, those species whose main home is in the humid parts of western Europe might be expected not to do so well. They include the primrose and bluebell, and the gorse and the purple bell heather.

'The extremes of climate have long been recognized by ecologists to affect the vegetation more than the means or averages. One hot summer or severe winter may affect plants over a very long period. It is possible, too, that an exceptional season, besides injuring some plants, may give others an opportunity to break out of the normal equilibrium. In some way, such exceptional weather may act as an instrument of natural selection'.



The Danish Ombudsman and his Office

STEPHAN HURWITZ in a discussion with two English lawyers

H. W. R. Wade: I think you will have noticed, Professor Hurwitz, that on your visits to England you get a reception rather more like that of a film star than of a government official. This may have made you realize that in England there is a great deal of interest in your functions as Ombudsman in Denmark and we hope to elucidate those a little and to discuss them in connexion with some of our problems in England. Our general public, having seen your photograph in the newspapers and read the interviews which have been published, have a picture in their minds of you as a kind of Tribune of the People, whose job it is to entertain any complaint that anybody may have against the government or the administration of the state. I now invite you at the outset to tell us a little about your responsibilities in Denmark, about how you were appointed in the first instance, and about a few of the typical cases with which you have had to deal.

Stephan Hurwitz: I shall do that; but to begin with, I wish to express on behalf of my country how proud I am for the interest shown in this new Danish democratic institution called the Parliament's Ombudsman. An Ombudsman, or Parliamentary Commissioner, is a man who has a duty to fulfil towards society. It started with our new constitutional law of 1953 and entered into vigour five years ago. I was the first appointed to the new post; and it is Parliament itself that elects the Ombudsman, he being absolutely independent of government and of all other state authorities. I was a Professor of Law before, but felt attracted by the new duties which give, in my opinion, a safety valve to an old democracy. The Ombudsman functions for a period normally of four years. I have been elected twice and am now serving my second period. My task is to investigate, in any case where a complaint is given to me, a complaint against a state authority, or of an administrative character. I am also entitled on my own initiative to take up cases where I feel there is a public interest in investigation. I am not a judge. I cannot make binding decisions. But I have the right to see all files of the Ministers or other authorities that deal with the question concerned; and I ask the police to assist me; and I can summon people to give evidence in court.

J. A. G. Griffith: If I may interrupt there, you said that your function was to look at questions of an administrative character: does this mean that you have nothing to do with the courts as such?

Hurwitz: I have nothing to do with the courts at all. It was proposed originally that I should have a competence there also, but we found in Denmark that the courts must be outside any other control; that control they exercise themselves.

Wade: And when you investigate a grievance, your recommendations are only advisory—is that correct?

Hurwitz: Yes, they are. But as a matter of fact the advice is generally followed by the authorities concerned.

Power beyond Advice

Griffith: Have you any further power, beyond advice, if you should wish to exercise it?

Hurwitz: Yes, I am entitled to state publicly my opinion on the case and to give a criticism, on solid reasons of course, and that criticism will, in cases of general interest, be published in the newspapers and in my yearly report to parliament.

Griffith: If, for instance, you found some case in which corruption was actually involved—or something of a criminal character—what would be your relationship to the courts in that case?

Hurwitz: I can tell the public prosecuting authority to bring the case before the court. I can give a decision that a disciplinary investigation shall take place. So that I am the highest authority, I may say, in such cases to decide upon a public prosecution.

Wade: Is it right, Professor Hurwitz, that any individual,

however humble, can bring his case direct to your door and have his own complaint considered, whatever he imagines his grievance against the governmental machinery to be?

Hurwitz: Yes, he can. But according to a recent change of law, if it is a decision, he must try to have the decision investigated by a higher authority in the administration. But he can come to me at any time and he can come without many formalities. The rule is that the complaint shall be written, but if he is unable to do that, we at my office make the complaint for him in the form prescribed, and if he wants a personal conversation with me or one of my assistants he always gets it.

Wade: And is it true that your jurisdiction covers the whole Civil Service in all its various activities—administrative decisions of many different kinds? Also the police and also special tribunals and other state agencies which deal with justice in the social state?

Hurwitz: Yes. Everybody who performs a function for the state of an administrative character is entitled to come with his complaint.

The Police

Griffith: In this country, as you know, the police are largely the responsibility of local authorities. What is your position in relation to them in Denmark?

Hurwitz: Ours is a state police and here is one of the fields where you could expect many complaints, even if the police is a very decent one in Denmark—and we have got many complaints and they are always solemnly dealt with.

Griffith: But so far as local matters are concerned, what is your position there on things which in this country fall within the scope of local authorities?

Hurwitz: At the present time I have no authority towards local government institutions, but there is a committee now working on the question of expanding the authority of the Ombudsman to comprise also municipalities.

Wade: May I now take up what is perhaps the heart of the matter, about the central government service? I am thinking rather now of the higher Civil Service and the organization of our government departments. We have had a great deal of public interest in the sort of problems with which you deal, particularly since the affair of Crichton Down in 1954. That started off a sequence of events which has now given us a number of important reforms and it has also left us with a number of sensitive spots, where I think your experience will be of great interest to us. In the first place, when we had the report on the affair of Crichton Down, it seemed to give the British public a glimpse of the inner workings of the Civil Service of a kind to which it is not at all accustomed, because the service normally works behind the shield of ministerial responsibility and a good deal withdrawn from the public eye. But it raised the curtain on how things were done in government departments. A number of complaints seemed to be made good against certain people. After that, the Government appointed the Franks Committee to look into the whole question of special tribunals and inquiries. In a sense that appeared rather skilfully to dodge the main issue, because the questions of tribunals and inquiries are quite separate from the ordinary administrative functions of the Civil Service. I think that although we have now passed an Act of Parliament about tribunals and inquiries and made a lot of changes and reforms as a consequence of the Franks report, it may be true that there is a certain residue of public dissatisfaction—if that is not too strong a word—which came to a head at the time of the Crichton Down report, and you on your visits to England act as a kind of focus for this unsatisfied residue of public interest. That is why, I think, you find that we are so much concerned with your novel jurisdiction. We seem to have cleaned up—if one may use the phrase—the jungle that we had, or at least we are trying to clean it up, in

connexion with a great deal of special tribunal jurisdiction. But we still have untouched the hard core of the ordinary administrative services run by government departments in their ordinary capacity. What I think will interest our people in this country is how far you have been able to penetrate that hard core with your jurisdiction and how far you can deal with complaints about the high echelons of the public service, the activities of senior civil servants, which in England are normally screened from public investigation.

Hurwitz: Yes, I think I have to a great extent penetrated in those questions which are well known. I know the Crichton Down case and the Franks report well and I cannot omit making a comparison between these investigations and the Ombudsman's investigations. I would not have had to stop at the Minister's responsibility. An Ombudsman in Denmark has the full right to criticize also the Cabinet Ministers if the case touches their administrative functions. We have also a full competence towards the tribunals; but I do not think that most of our cases come from that side—it is more the single civil servants or the chiefs of departments or the Ministers themselves, against whom complaints are made.

Griffith: This is very interesting to us because the sort of argument that is put up in this country is this: that when a civil servant or the Civil Service generally does something, this essentially is the responsibility of the Minister and it is the Minister who must answer to parliament. And on this argument, it is put forward that civil servants must be protected, and indeed to some extent kept secret from the general criticism, because the Minister is finally responsible, the Minister is answerable to parliament and this is the place where criticism must be made; and when we have alternative suggestions put forward from time to time in this country that there should be more control of Civil Service determinations and decisions, this is the sort of argument on ministerial responsibility that is put forward; and I think we would be interested to know just how far you manage in practice to go beyond the screen of ministerial responsibility which I believe you also have in these matters.

Hurwitz: My only limit is not to take up questions of a political kind. So the political responsibility of a Minister does not belong in my field of investigation. But the Minister—as chief of the administration—and the civil servant are equally liable to be the object of an Ombudsman's investigation.

Wade: Might I ask you, Professor Hurwitz, if you could give us one or two concrete examples of cases that you have dealt with?

The Newspaper and the Minister

Hurwitz: Yes. I have had a lot of cases: almost a thousand a year on average during the last five years. It is difficult to select a special case; but we were speaking just now about the responsibility of the Minister and of the civil servants, and we have just had a case where there was a strong newspaper criticism against the Minister of Foreign Affairs. The newspapers urged that the Ministry had not been cautious enough in appointing a diplomat to a foreign post where he turned out to be a spy. Here there might be a responsibility both on the part of the civil servants who had decided that and of the Minister responsible to parliament, and my investigation in the case gave expression to the view that there were some things which though a reproach to the department of the Ministry were perhaps not so to the Minister personally. I laid the weight in this decision on the future recommendation that precautions should be taken to prevent such an event again. The press almost unanimously backed up that position, so that didn't cost the heads of any persons but things were cleared up for the future.

Wade: That is what you might call an important question of public policy or departmental organization. I believe it is right to say that most of the cases you deal with are, on the other hand, complaints by private individuals who feel they have some grievance against some administrative decision or act. Would it be possible for you to give an example in that category?

Hurwitz: Yes, most cases do come in by private complaint. And they may be of every imaginable kind. Examples I could mention are cases where the citizen feels himself dealt with much too slowly by a state agency, or feels that he has never been able to

get any answer, or that he has not got information about the reasons why his appeal has been rejected. Then we have all the cases where there is a question of discriminating against one person compared with other persons. And there are cases where the citizens feel themselves dealt with in an unjust or brutal way by the police, or the prisoners complain. I have a right to go to every state institution in Denmark and enter the state buildings, prisons, or mental institutions, and I see not only whether a complaint given to me is justified but also whether I by my personal inspection find there are things to be criticized.

A Matter of Good Coffee

Wade: I believe you investigated the quality of coffee in one Danish penal institution?

Hurwitz: Yes. It was a little case, but something real for the persons being deprived of their liberty. There may be small things that do not count much for us who are free, but which give annoyance and trouble in the prisons, and I have the impression that seeing them with fresh eyes may lead to some reforms.

Griffith: Reverting to this question of ministerial responsibility, in this country decisions are given in the name of the Minister, and it is of course known that in perhaps the great majority of cases the individual Minister concerned never sees any particular action or decision—never sees the papers: they are taken in his name. This is no doubt inevitable. But within the general structure of the Civil Service, in this country as in yours, there are many levels; decisions are taken on different levels and sometimes it is felt in this country that a decision is taken by a civil servant of perhaps too lowly a level for the importance of the subject-matter. Is it within your jurisdiction to suggest that perhaps a certain sort of decision might be taken at a higher Civil Service level than has in fact happened?

Hurwitz: It certainly is. I have a duty to let the citizen go to a higher administrative authority if there is any possibility of that. Only if I want to take up the case by my own initiative or it concerns the way in which the citizen has been dealt with, I can take it before it has come to a higher authority.

Griffith: But how does this work in practice? Suppose you find that a particular decision has been taken at a particular level within the Civil Service, and you make a recommendation that in your view this sort of decision ought to have been taken by perhaps what we would call an officer of the administrative class. Is it your experience in Denmark that normally something happens as a result of your advice, that there is a change?

Hurwitz: Yes, certainly there is. It was not the original meaning of the institution that it should go back to have decisions changed. It was more thought of as a following control. But as the institution has developed, we often recommend a new consideration of a decision and that means in practice, in the majority of cases, that the decision will be changed.

Griffith: And the level of operations will for future cases be changed, so that in practice a more senior civil servant will in other cases of a like nature be taking the decision?

Hurwitz: We have not really had a conflict of that kind, but it certainly would be possible for me to say of a case: 'This belongs to a higher level', and I hope it would be followed.

The Council on Tribunals

Wade: Professor Hurwitz, I think you realize from the interest that you have taken in our developments here recently, that what seems to us to be a considerable sector of your jurisdiction is, in fact, covered by the new institution that has been set up since the time of the Franks report, to wit the Council on Tribunals. The act was passed in 1958 and it was set up shortly after that and has now been at work for something over a year. That is a body to which any member of the public can bring complaints, and the object of its existence is to give advisory reports which are laid before parliament—very much, I imagine, in the way that your reports are publicized, making suggestions for the better organization of tribunals or for better procedure before them in all their various activities, or in any way which seems to conduce to the better dispensation of justice in that particular sphere. Our administrative process, if I may use an abominable word, is very much judicialized, and a great many matters—for example,

national insurance or industrial injuries insurance which I have read about in accounts of your activities in Denmark—are here subject to special tribunals. At the moment, the general feeling in England, I think, is that those tribunals are working well and that if we can only knit them into a coherent system of jurisdiction and prevent abuses arising, and make sure that the true principles of justice are carefully observed and that there are rules of proper procedure, then we shall feel fairly satisfied with one rather large sector of this front. But it does, of course, depend very much on these recent reforms being successful.

Hurwitz: Yes, I have the impression that the Council you mention does work of a similar kind to the Danish Ombudsman, but it is not so extensive as the field of the Ombudsman, this not being limited to decisions made by tribunals but also—and in most cases—civil servants' dealings that have nothing at all to do with a tribunal; but if I may say so, I find that you have in the Council on Tribunals something of a germ that could develop into a system of a similar kind to the Danish Ombudsman institution.

Wade: That might be an interesting possibility. I certainly think that the British public knows a good deal more about the Danish Ombudsman, at the moment, than it knows about our own Council on Tribunals, and that state of mind is not entirely confined to members of the public; questions have been asked in parliament which somehow seem perhaps to overlook the fact that this similar institution was set up in England only two years ago.

Griffith: I would like to raise one other question related to that. If we look at the way in which a member of the public today proceeds to question some administrative decision, not falling within the jurisdiction of any other body, we find that what he does is perhaps to write a letter to his Member of Parliament and also, at the same time probably, to write a letter to the Ministry. What happens then, I think, is that the Member of Parliament writes a letter to the Minister and puts forward this complaint. And the ministry itself produces an answer which may or may not lead to a parliamentary question. The Member may then pursue the matter in correspondence or in going to see the Minister with further questions, but sooner or later he comes up against the ministerial view, the ministerial decision or attitude, and there he must stop. It seems to me that your function is much more investigatory, and I wonder if you would agree that that is one of the ways in which you, within your parliamentary system, differ from ours?

Hurwitz: Yes, I can agree. I would only say that in Denmark there is also the system of coming with questions in parliament through an M.P. and if such a procedure is going on, I would postpone my treatment of the case until the case has been heard in parliament. But if it should happen to be thought, as it might be, that the affair has not been penetratingly investigated, and if parliament and the single parliamentary member have not the possibility of setting in motion a police investigation, I would perhaps, after the case had been dealt with in parliament, begin with an investigation.

Griffith: Do you ever find that the Minister in parliament refers to you and uses you for that sort of purpose?

Hurwitz: It has actually happened sometimes—once quite recently—that the Minister involved said: 'I find that this case would be a good case for the Ombudsman'. He cannot order me to take it because we are so cautious in this point of view that the Ombudsman is independent, so the Minister cannot say: 'You shall take it', but he can say in parliament: 'I would find it satisfactory if he took it'. Then, of course, the case must await my consideration whether to take it or not.

Griffith: This I think is very interesting to us because we

sometimes feel that the Minister has a natural loyalty to his departmental servants and it must be very helpful to him to be able to hand a problem over to some external, independent body where no question of disloyalty arises.

Hurwitz: I think you are perfectly right. In the Danish press such intentions have always been praised. They want, in cases of a delicate, complicated character, to have the investigation made by the independent, impartial, and objective institution, the Ombudsman, who has had no finger in the case and has no prestige to lose; so if the Minister recommends the case for Ombudsman's investigation it would generally be felt as a good solution. But that has not happened in many cases. I don't believe, however, that the Danish civil servants would feel it a lack of loyalty from the Minister that he wished an Ombudsman's investigation, because we are on very good terms with the administration, knowing from the administrative point of view that there will only be a criticism if there is a real, obvious reason for it; so in many cases the Ombudsman's investigation clears the whole scene and protects the civil servants.

Griffith: This again is most interesting. Has this always been the case? What was the attitude of your Civil Service when this proposal to set up the Ombudsman was first put forward?

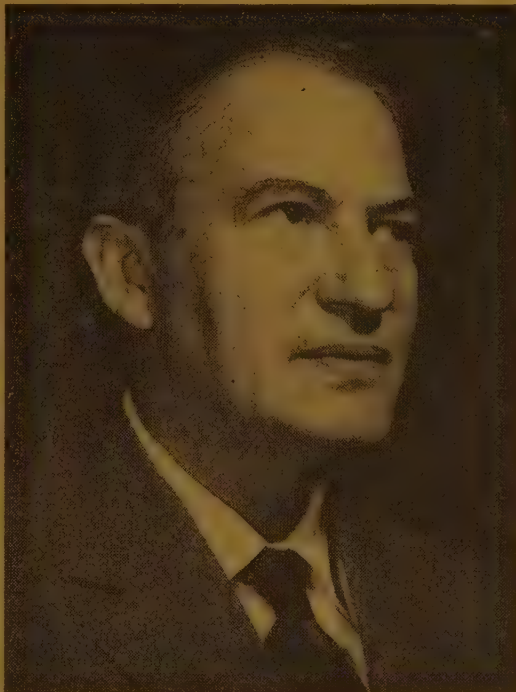
Hurwitz: They were against, as also now are the representatives of the municipalities. They were against, but when the law had come and entered into vigour they were absolutely loyal, especially in the question of giving me all the papers and files; and now the opposition has silenced down, and on many occasions the Danish organizations of Civil Servants have publicly stated their satisfaction with the institution.

Wade: I think that Griffith's questions have really brought us now to the root of the matter, Professor Hurwitz, as we look at it in this country. The real question for us, I feel, is this: assuming that we have dealt with our tribunals and our various special courts and have taken considerable steps to keep that side of administrative or judicial or quasi-

judicial activity under proper control, we are still left with this central question: is it right for the higher Civil Service, or the Civil Service generally, to submit itself to investigation, or inquisition perhaps (as they might well think it is), by some independent person?

We have in England, I think, a rather unusually marked divergence of viewpoints, an antagonism perhaps is the right word, between our legal profession which believes very much in doing everything with full publicity, and our public service which shelters behind the doctrine of ministerial responsibility and takes the line that the Minister is the public figure and that all the questions must be put to him, and that no sort of general justification or explanation is to be expected from people further down the administrative hierarchy. Occasionally the safety-valve goes off—once in twenty or thirty years—and we have some special inquiry like the Crichton Down case which suddenly gives the public a glimpse behind the scenes. You, as Ombudsman, as I understand it, have a position where you can constantly take the public behind the scenes, and you can go behind the scenes yourself and find out what is really going on and report publicly about it.

I always feel here that the legal profession perhaps has an important lesson to teach; there can be few bodies of men so highly respected by the public as our own High Court judges; on the other hand they have all their mistakes and errors most mercilessly exposed by the Court of Appeal and the House of Lords, almost every day of the week during the legal term. It seems to me to point the moral that you do not in the least lose prestige by admitting your mistakes; on the other hand you rather gain it. The people the public tends to respect most are those



Professor Stephan Hurwitz, the Ombudsman of Denmark

who are perfectly honest and candid—honesty seems really to be the best policy all round. If we try to apply that to our public service, we find that there is a strong occupational resistance to investigation on the part of government departments—understandably, and no doubt there are solid constitutional and general reasons behind it. Could you comment on that in the light of your experience in Denmark, and would you agree with what I think both Griffith and I feel, that really it is the civil servants themselves who ought to be the advocates of an institution of your kind, because it probably provides, on the whole, far more justification for what they do in proportion to the number of complaints which are really made good?

A Token of Confidence

Hurwitz: I am of the same opinion as you, Dr. Wade: I think it is a protection for administration to have such a system as the Council on Tribunals or the Ombudsman. I also believe that there could be more publicity in the administration. Until that might come, the Ombudsman could function as a substitute for complete publicity. The Ombudsman gets everything to see; but of course must deal with some things confidentially; yet the whole way in which we deal with these cases has given the administration the conviction that they are fairly dealt with, and that their points of view will always be heard. If they should not be so confident, and perhaps think that they would claim better guarantees for the dealing of their case than the Ombudsman can give, they are entitled always to claim that the case is administered by the disciplinary courts, and I have in such a case to give it up and can only get it back again after the civil disciplinary court has spoken. It might be of interest, however, to state that we have had 5,000 cases and in not one of these has the civil servant used his opportunity to go to an ordinary court.

Wade: So you do not feel that the Ministers and civil servants in Denmark look on you as a sort of grand inquisitor?

Hurwitz: No. It would be an unhappy thing if it were like that. I had seen it as one of my tasks to build a bridge to the administration and I think we have succeeded in doing it. It is not only necessary for such a one-man show as the Ombudsman is to have the confidence of parliament and the population, it must also have the confidence of the administration. And now that they have seen that nine out of ten cases are rejected by me, and that I never make a decision without having negotiated with the persons responsible for the administrative politics involved, these antagonisms have fallen completely away.

Wade: Your metaphor of a 'bridge' is one that I have often also used to try to express what so many people feel is the heart of the problem of power present in this context in which we are talking. Here in England it is particularly acute because we have our legal profession, which is highly skilled, highly specialized, but ultra-legal, confined only to strictly legal questions; as likewise are the courts of law. On the other hand we have also a highly skilled and specialized profession in the public service. But they are extremely different, and there seems to be no sort of bridge between them in the form of some more ambiguous or amphibious institution which can deal with those questions that contain mixtures of law and administrative policy. We hope that the Council on Tribunals is, as you say, a germ which may begin to fill a little of that field, and we know that in France there are special administrative courts, and in many other countries a conscious effort has been made to fill this void in the system of public administration. I expect you feel you are playing a large part to fill it in Denmark?

Good Results

Hurwitz: At any rate, I feel satisfied with the job. It has had good results. I think everybody would admit that in Denmark. The administrative organizations have on various occasions expressed that they have confidence in the whole affair; and what is important is that the decisions I make or the recommendations I make have been followed up by the entire Danish press without any party distinction, so that cases that have perhaps been started by a press campaign have stopped when the Ombudsman's investigation has finished, with the result that there is nothing to

reproach anybody with. Even the newspapers who had started the campaign have quietened down and the affair has been finished with.

Griffith: You spoke of your job as being a one-man job, and I have found that Danes often say, with pride, that theirs is a small country. Ours is geographically not a big country, but we have many more people in it. I wonder how far you feel that the essence of your job is that it is centred in one man and a small administration, a small organization, and how far this is a difficulty in transferring the institution across into this country.

Hurwitz: I think it is a most important feature in the whole Danish experience that there is a small staff and one man at the head, because that gives the ordinary citizen a feeling that he can come and have his case discussed with somebody who is at the top of the administration. No single person could deal with cases in a country that had ten times the size of population in Denmark and I am cautious about saying anything on the conditions for its eventual working in a foreign country. I think I can only give answers where I have experience. But I will just point to the fact that in the Danish Constitutional Law it is settled that parliament can choose one or two Ombudsmen, and in Sweden they have two—one for the civil cases and one for the military ones. So there might be a possibility in bigger countries of dividing the kinds of matters to deal with and having somebody for civil and somebody for the military, somebody for one thing and somebody for another. There might also be the possibility of making geographical distinctions and a regional system, but I think that in any case the difficult questions must be put to one man.

Wade: We have the national instinct in England, Professor Hurwitz, to believe that all the woes of mankind can be solved by appointing committees, and we usually appoint them on a kind of formula. On every general committee on a thing of public importance there usually has to be a woman and also a trade unionist and a Welshman and so forth; we make them up according to a sort of formula. This is rather symptomatic, too, of the way we deal with complaints or diseases in the body politic: we tend to hold grand inquests into them by way of Royal Commissions or by committees of inquiry which are appointed *ad hoc*. One of the striking things about the Council on Tribunals is that after a number of these *ad hoc* upheavals we have now finally got a body that is in permanent existence and can deal with complaints from the general public and develop some sort of policy with some sort of continuity. I suppose that if we were to try a more extensive jurisdiction like yours our thoughts would inevitably turn first to having a council or a committee or some collective body, but it is interesting to hear you tell us so simply and so clearly how much one single individual can do.

Hurwitz: Yes, I am in no doubt about that because I think that an Ombudsman or a person corresponding to that in England would not absolutely be wiser than the chiefs of administration who have expert knowledge of many things which the Ombudsman cannot have; so when there is such great confidence in the post as in fact there is, it must be owing to the feeling that one man is responsible.

Wade: Perhaps we shall come round to your way of thinking, Professor Hurwitz. At any rate, if we do, it will not be the first time that Denmark will have conquered England.

—Third Programme

The Young Goddess

You were as venturesome as I was shy:
Eager and inquisitive your eye.

You set a nap on the plum, a haze on the rose,
And shooting stars across the wintry sky
Flashed by in volleys for me when you chose.

None spoke with you, I alone worshipped you,
Child of the wave, child of the morning dew,
And in my dreams went chasing here and there
A fugitive beacon—your moon-yellow hair.

ROBERT GRAVES

Has Man an Aquatic Past?

By SIR ALISTER HARDY, F.R.S.

THIRTY years ago I picked up a copy of *Man's Place among the Mammals*. It was by that eminent anatomist the late Frederick Wood-Jones and had just appeared. In the chapter dealing with the anatomical distinctions that separate Man from the apes I came across this passage:

The peculiar relation of the skin to the underlying superficial fascia is a very real distinction, familiar enough to everyone who has repeatedly skinned both human subjects and any other members of the primates.

He was, of course, addressing medical students! He goes on:

The bed of subcutaneous fat adherent to the skin so conspicuous in Man is possibly related to his apparent hair reduction, though it is difficult to see why, if no other factor is invoked, there should be such a basal difference between Man and the chimpanzee.

I had recently returned from an expedition to the Antarctic where animals with a thick layer of fat below the skin were such a prominent feature of this habitat: the whales, the seals, the penguins. I realized that this subcutaneous fat is a character also of many other aquatic animals, for this fat forms an insulating layer, protecting the animal from the cold. Hairlessness, again, is another aquatic character. Suddenly, I had the idea that perhaps Man might have passed through a more aquatic phase after leaving the trees. From time to time I thought of this, and then other characters seemed to fit into the picture, yet it seemed at first so fantastic that I wanted to examine it more thoroughly. From time to time I took it out to look at it, and the more I thought of it the less fantastic it became. At last I ventured to bring my hypothesis into the open because I am really serious in my views.



A mammal that is completely aquatic: dugong caught along the coast of Kenya



Pearl-divers of New Guinea

But I must begin at the beginning. Zoologically speaking, Man, of course, is a mammal, and we are all familiar with the general story of the evolution of the terrestrial vertebrate animals. The fossil record shows us that both mammals and birds are descended, though by different lines, from far-off reptilian ancestors, and these in turn were derived from still earlier amphibian creatures, animals not unlike our newts and salamanders of today. Going still further back we see amphibia derived from fish which had developed lungs so that they were able to climb from the water. All this is well known and I recall it only because it forms the background to another but less familiar story. This second story, which is continually being repeated down the ages, is one of increasing populations and competition for food, forcing the stocks back into the water again for a living. Among the amphibia, race after race were driven from the land they had only partially conquered; they went back into fresh water, not to the sea, but this was for special physiological reasons. There have never been amphibia in the sea.

Among the reptiles we have a whole host of different marine forms. In the great age of reptiles we had the ichthyosaurs and the plesiosaurs, so beautifully adapted for an aquatic life; and many races of marine crocodile-like animals. Then we have the turtles, which are with us today, and also water-snakes. Among the mammals we have a great many examples. Some are completely aquatic, such as the whales and dolphins, or those curious creatures the manatees and dugongs. Then there are others that have become almost completely aquatic, like the seals, and a great many others that are partially so: the hippopotamus, the polar bears, otters, beavers, watervoles, water-shrews, not forgetting that most primitive mammal of all, the duck-billed platypus. In fact, the majority of mammalian orders have some aquatic representatives.

My hypothesis is that perhaps some ten or fifteen million years ago Man's ancestors too were forced by competition to seek a living in the sea. I imagine him living along the sea-shore, feeding on crustacea and other marine shell-fish, and gradually taking more and more to the water in search of such food. I do not suppose he was ever completely aquatic, but I imagine him living in tropical regions where he could stay in the water for several hours foraging for food. We know, from prehistoric middens, what a big part marine shell-fish played in the food of primitive Man.

Let me now look at some of the differences that separate Man from his more ape-like ancestors and see if they might be explained by this hypothetical semi-aquatic life. First, let us take his ability to swim and his great endurance at it. Many animals can swim at the surface if they are forced to, but few terrestrial animals can swim below the surface as Man can, or can gracefully turn this way and that to pick up what he is looking for. Native boys diving for coins in a foreign port do indeed look as if they were truly aquatic animals! Then again, the extent to which sponge- and pearl-divers can hold their breath under water is perhaps another outcome of past adaptation. It may be objected that children have to be taught to swim, but this is also true of young otters and I should regard them as more aquatic than Man has been. I have, however, been told that babies, put into water before they have learned to walk, will in fact go through the motions of swimming at once, but not after they have walked.

The reduction of hair is characteristic of several aquatic mammals, and there are two reasons for this. First, a hairy coat offers greater surface resistance to swimming; and, secondly, in the water it no longer acts as an overcoat preventing heat loss. It is, of course, the trapped air that is such a poor conductor; if the fur is filled with water and is in contact with the water outside, then it fails in its function. The mammals that have become entirely aquatic, such as the whales and dolphins, have lost their hair entirely, and the same is true of some tropical animals that come out of the water for a time, like the hippopotamus. But mammals that leave the water in cold and temperate regions retain their fur for warmth on land as do the seals, the polar bears, otters, beavers, and so on.

It is interesting that Man has lost the hair from his body but not from his head, the one part that sticks out of the water when he swims. Here the hair offers no resistance and it may well have been retained for protection against the sun. You remember I am supposing that Man began his aquatic career in the tropics. The bristling beard of Man is thought by some to be the result of selection favouring its development for threat display and its loss in women is due to sexual selection on the part of the male. But the apparent hairlessness of Man is not always due to an actual absence of hair. In the white races it is more apparent than real, in that the hairs are there but are small and fine. We have, I believe, almost as many hairs on the body as an ape. In the black races, however, the hairs have actually gone.

In discussing hair it is interesting to notice what we call the hair tracts, that is, the directions in which the hairs lie in different parts of the body. Wood-Jones, in the book I have already mentioned, pointed out how different were the hair tracts of Man from those of an ape, and he shows a figure of the hair tracts in foetal Man where we see that they are arranged exactly as if one had drawn lines representing the streamline flow of water round a man doing breast-stroke. It is possible that that may have been the first adaptation to reduce resistance in swimming. Selection of variations may have produced hair arranged more and more in the lines of streamlining; then came a reduction in the size and thickness of the hair, and finally complete loss.

It was reported recently that Australian swimmers shave their legs and chest before a race because it has been found that the resistance of hair can retard them as much as a second in 110 yards. I hope it is understood that I am assuming adaptation by

natural selection in all the evolutionary changes I am discussing.

The very shape of Man's body is surely streamlined. What wonderful grace he presents when we see him swimming in the water—and more so for woman—compared with the clumsy form of the ape. All the curves of the body are like those of a well-designed boat. These curves are helped by the development of fat below the skin and, as I have said, it is this development of subcutaneous fat that is so characteristic of aquatic animals. It seems likely that this development of fat may have gone on hand in hand with the reduction of the hair, so enabling Man to stay longer and longer in the water or to colonize cooler seas.

I am not supposing that Man remained in the water entirely. I believe he spent a great deal of his time on land; he had, of course, to come to the land to sleep, and for fresh water. On land in a tropical climate Man would find the overcoat of subcutaneous fat he had developed to enable him to stand long periods in the water very trying in the heat of the day; perhaps that also explains why Man has a much greater number of sweat glands than any other primate. Experiments carried out by Dr. Weiner of Oxford during the war showed what an exceptional range of temperature change in the air Man can stand compared with other mammals.

Man is very different from the apes in his erect posture. They have never achieved this. The chimpanzee walks with a slouching gait, supporting the weight of his body on the knuckles of his curled-up hands. I can well imagine Man beginning his foraging in the water in this fashion, wading in the shallows and then gradually venturing farther and farther out, hunting for the shell-fish and other creatures on the bottom. As he did this he would continually have to raise his head above the surface, not only to breathe but also to eat. With the water supporting his body he would have no difficulty in standing. You might ask: would he not float at the surface rather than stand? No, I think not, especially as his hands were laden with spoil from the sea-bed; and it is not so easy to eat when floating. I picture him, then, learning to balance in the sea and gradually learning to stand in shallower and shallower water until, finally, he would remain erect on the land itself and run with ease. No doubt it was Man's earlier life in the trees that gave him his great freedom of movement, but it was, I believe, his swimming and balance in the water that gave him both his remarkable flexibility and grace of movement, and his poise on land.

There is another striking difference between Man and the apes: this relates to the form of his arms and hands. They are very different from those of the modern ape but not so unlike those of the much more primitive fossil creature, *Proconsul*, of the Miocene period of some twenty million years ago. We must suppose that Man left the forests at a relatively early period. The apes of today, after their much more extensive period in the trees, have their arms developed for swinging from bough to bough so they are much longer than their legs, and their hands are much flexed for grasping the branches. With Man it is different; his arms are shorter than his legs and his hands are sensitive exploring devices. How different indeed are Man's fingers from those of an ape. They are almost tentacle-like and beautifully adapted for feeling, and almost like forceps too, for picking objects up. Can you imagine better instruments for exploring the sea-floor for shell-fish and crustacea and for digging into the sand to pull them out, and, having got them, for prising them open?

Several people have asked me why, if Man has had a long enough evolution in the water to produce such characters as loss of hair and subcutaneous fat, he has not also got webbed hands and feet. Regarding the hands, I am sure that selection would not favour such mutations, for his separated fingers would be of greater value in finding and dealing with his marine food. But regarding the feet, the truth is that some people have their toes webbed but they do not like to talk about it! In 1926,



Diagram from F. Wood-Jones's *Man's Place among the Mammals*, showing the arrangement of hair-tracts in foetal man

Basler examined 1,000 schoolchildren and found that 9 per cent. of boys and 6.6 per cent. of girls had webbing between the second and third toes; and in some the webbing may extend between them all. I am told there is a village not far from Cambridge where some 25 per cent. of the population have webbed toes. If my hypothesis is correct, since Man left the water it seems likely that selection has been acting against the genes for webbing, and so such varieties are getting fewer and fewer.

But apart from the toes the whole foot of Man differs from that of the ape in that the big toe is joined to the others. This connexion is absent in the apes. It looks as if the human foot may have gone a little way in the direction of webbing but was later modified for running, and you will remember that I have supposed that Man was only partly aquatic and, for at least part of his time, would be walking on the shore.

I think it likely, too, that Man began his tool-making on the shore, simply by picking up likely stones to break shells that he could not open. It is significant that the only other mammal to use a tool began in just this way. The Californian sea-otter uses stones to crack open sea-urchins held against the chest. Man on the seashore, with much better hands than the sea-otter, would in time use flints and find that they flake suddenly into fine, knife-like blades. Here was a wonderful invention; no doubt he began to select blades for different purposes, some for cutting, some for stabbing, and so knives and spear-heads were invented. It may well have been the sparks struck from flints that taught him to make a fire, perhaps from dried seaweed outside his caves along the shore.

It was, of course, all this tool-making that gave Man a better and better brain. But here let me remind you again that I am using a metaphorical shorthand: what I really mean is that natural selection was continually selecting better brains, tending to preserve those that could make more and more associations with experience, and so produce better and more useful tools; in other words, those with the poorer brains would be less successful in the struggle for the limited supplies of food obtained by such tools and weapons, and so they would survive less frequently

and give rise to fewer progeny than the better equipped. Armed with these tools, with his erect posture, and with fire, Man was now equipped for the chase. He could re-conquer the land, sweeping over the continents, running and hunting the wild animals of the plains, making fires to cook his food and to protect himself from the attacks of predators.

It seems that it may have been this dip in the sea, rather than his earlier time in the trees, that brought Man to his dominant position in the animal world. Then came the development of speech, enabling him to express his gained experience—his knowledge—in explicit terms and so to reflect upon the universe; thus he began to reason, to communicate his ideas to others, and to add to knowledge which could be passed on orally to later generations, accumulating all the time.

Students of the fossil record have long been puzzled at the sudden appearance of Man. The earliest fossil Man, the *Australopithecus*, is definitely Man, as is shown by the pelvic girdle which is human and not ape-like; he must have had the erect posture. Before that, there is a great gap in time, right back to the fossil ape, *Proconsul*, in the middle of the Miocene. Throughout the whole Pliocene no human remains have been found, unless we include the doubtful *Oreopithecus*. I would suggest that perhaps this gap represents the period when Man struggled and died in the sea. Perhaps there are no coastal tropical Pliocene deposits available; they may have been submerged below the sea.

I have been speaking all the time as if Man was only marine in this semi-aquatic condition, but he may well have also invaded the rivers, lakes and swamps, and so we may yet find his remains in such circumstances. The remains of *Australopithecus* were found in caves, but, not far from the caves, there are said to be deposits indicating dried-up lakes or inland seas; so perhaps *Australopithecus* himself was still associated with water.

My thesis is, of course, only a speculation, a hypothesis to be discussed and tested against further lines of evidence. The only value of such ideas is that they may stimulate discussion and inquiries to bring us nearer the truth.—*Third Programme*

The Sexless Sentimentalist

DAVID DAICHES on J. M. Barrie*

I HAVE recently read through nearly all of Barrie's plays and most of his stories and sketches. It was an unnerving experience. I had not realized before with what steady and skilful perversity Barrie exploited his public's emotional concern with human relationships or with what disturbing cunning he gave his own strangely distorted rendering of the human situation. He dealt in the elemental things of life, in the relations between mother and son, brother and sister, husband and wife, reality and dream. In his characteristic work he is out from the beginning to implicate the reader or the audience, to play on their emotional responses. The appeal to the audience in *Peter Pan* to indicate that they believe in fairies and so save the life of Tinker Bell, is symbolic of Barrie's whole relation with his audience. He wants to get it uncomfortably involved, embarrassingly and desperately involved in that cruelly sentimental world of boy-men and sexless marriages and corrupting feeling which he portrays in so many of his plays and stories.

I call it 'cruelly sentimental' because it is impossible not to be struck by a streak of real cruelty in Barrie: he takes a positively masochistic pleasure in frustrating all normal expectations about the proper satisfaction of adult human relationships. Tommy marries Grizel only after she has gone out of her mind, in order to act as nurse, and when she recovers she knows that he is only pretending to love her and so—though Barrie does not put it as bluntly as this—she decides that they must not sleep together. *Mary Rose* is a play about the frustration of the marriage relationship and in so far as the ending is happy it is

because each partner has learned to be happier without it. In *A Window in Thrums* a whole family's emotions are concentrated on the son. He reciprocates this passion but he is led astray by a London hussy so that he repudiates his aged parents and loving sister, to return home only after they are all dead. At the end of *The Admirable Crichton* we sense exactly the same masochistic pleasure. Crichton, the butler and the best man among them all, voluntarily restores his earlier position of servitude and confirms the social prejudices of his stupid employers. Time and again Barrie builds up all his sentimental resources to picture a relationship on which the whole emotional centre of the play or story rests and then he destroys it before our faces; there is the brave laugh which says that after all life is like that or there is the whimsical shrug which tells us that, like the character of Margaret in *Dear Brutus*, it was but a 'might-have-been' after all.

At the bottom of all this lies a fierce resistance to the implications of any mature human relationship. The clue can be found in his early prose sketches and stories. Here children grow up in the streets of a London slum or of a poverty stricken Scottish village, totally ignorant of the so-called 'facts of life' and believing—sometimes, we feel, believing until the end of their days—all the sugary Victorian monstrosities about where babies came from and how and why people got married. The account of Tommy's reactions to the birth of his sister, in *Sentimental Tommy*, and his relations with the little rich girl Reddy (who, of course, dies in childhood)—all set in a context of a swarming

* May 9 was the centenary of Barrie's birth

London street life—is positively grotesque in its calculated whimsy. Again and again in these stories the love of brother and sister is treated as the same in kind but greater in quality than the love of a man and his sweetheart. All love, in fact, is sexless. Barrie even goes so far as to have his teen-age brothers and sisters sleep together—which is more than most of his husbands and wives do. In *Auld Licht Idylls* Jamie, courting Janet, wants to draw back and have his sister instead. ('I'm thinking', Jamie said at last a little wistfully, 'that I micht hae been as well wi' Christy'. Christy was Jamie's sister. It is a revealing remark.)

The Mother-Son Relationship

And then the mother-son relationship is also shown as continually pulling a man away from marriage. Jess, in *A Window in Thrums*, is ravaged by horror and woe when she suspects that her long-grown-up son may be interested in another woman—and Barrie clearly approves of Jess's attitude. In *The Little Minister*, Gavin and his mother have a lovers' relationship—'These two people were as one far more than most married people'. But in this novel Barrie exerts himself to show that in exceptional cases a man may marry and keep his mother's love. But what exceptional cases! The absurdly melodramatic plot of *The Little Minister*—its badness is positively staggering—brings in every kind of human and natural catastrophe, including revolution, flood disaster, and a reversal of the social order: it needs all this to provide circumstances under which a man may marry a wife whom his mother will not repudiate.

In *Sentimental Tommy* Barrie seems to have sought to disarm his critics by his constant critical awareness of his hero's sentimentality. It is as though he were saying: 'How can you accuse me of being sentimental when I am constantly exhibiting and deploring my hero's sentimentality?' But Barrie's very diagnosis of sentimentality is what gives him away. He sees it as a quality which prevents Tommy from growing up and from behaving like a man. This is repeatedly emphasized. 'Have you discovered that I was really pitying the boy who was so fond of boyhood that he could not with years become a man?' he asks at the end of *Tommy and Grizel*; but he has already told us that 'the days of childhood are the best'. The days of childhood are the best, and sentimentality is what keeps Tommy permanently a child. (He is described as 'that boy Tommy' even after he has married.) So presumably sentimentality is a good thing after all.

But Barrie goes further than this. He links sentimentality with the artist's imagination. What unfits Tommy for adult relationships is his literary imagination and artistic conscience. Tommy's habit of acting out emotional situations without really believing in them is what makes him fantastic and cruel as a person, incapable of sexual passion, and at bottom always a child. Yet it is also what makes him an artist, a writer. This is an odd view of art, and, it seems to me, a monstrously wrong one. And Barrie's view of sentimentality as a childhood quality is another distortion and a rather curious one. Sentimentality is surely an adult vice; children are much more pragmatic and realistic in both act and thought, and though they do indeed lead an active imaginative life it is not, I am convinced, of the kind or quality that Barrie portrays.

Wilful Distortion?

I cannot help feeling that in *Sentimental Tommy* and its sequel, *Tommy and Grizel*, the distortion of sex, of childhood, of manhood, of human relations and human character is wilful and corrupting. Edwin Muir once remarked of Barrie that 'his softness was really a kind of toughness, and the most deplorable fault of his work is not sensibility run to seed, but obduracy'. This I think is true. I am not here concerned to psycho-analyse Barrie; clearly his relations with his own mother, Margaret Ogilvy, which he exploited in a book about her, are relevant for our understanding of many of his attitudes. But looking at his works as they are, we can see that here is skill and cunning; here is a man who knows what he is doing and does it deliberately. We do not have here the facile falsity of a cheap writer who thinks that he is being profound and cannot

do better. If Barrie falsifies and distorts it is because he wants to.

It is true that in his earlier work he uses stock melodramatic situations which seem to result from sheer ineptitude; but these fade away in his middle and later plays. The story of Jean Myles in *Sentimental Tommy*, or of the Painted Lady in *Tommy and Grizel* who goes out at night in her fits of madness to find the handsome horseman who had betrayed her, is straight out of the cheapest kind of Victorian melodrama. As for Jess's wandering boy in *A Window in Thrums*, who falls for a bad woman in London and so ceases to write to his aged parents in the distant Scottish village—we know this story. Wordsworth gave it its one true poetic rendering in *Michael*, and Barrie should have known enough to leave it alone.

But the interesting thing is that when Barrie does bring himself to point a trembling finger at sex it is the garish melodramatic sex of the betrayed woman or the literary cliché of the crazed prostitute that he points at, never anything central in a fully realized human relationship. The only really successful marriage in Barrie is in *What Every Woman Knows*, where the wife is a maternal, protecting figure, not a mate but a mother-substitute. This play is clever enough to conceal from the superficial eye the distortions, absurdities, and clichés out of which it is constructed. 'What every woman knows' is that it is the petticoat influence behind the scenes that makes a man's career; it goes so far in this play that the mother-wife actually writes the speeches of the hero (a Member of Parliament) without his realizing it until the end.

Anti-feminism and Political Reaction

The mother-wife is of course faced by a rival, one of Barrie's conventional seductive women who lure young men away from their mothers as Jess's son was lured away by the London lady. But of course the mother-wife wins, by demonstrating that the attractive society lady cannot write the hero's political speeches. By pretending that the mother is the wife Barrie can in this play allow the mother to win unconditionally and permanently in the fight for the hero. A mother darns the son's socks, a mother-wife writes the husband-son's speeches and learns French so as to raise him in the estimate of his society friends. It is interesting that in both cases the woman's place is in the home. Just as the admirable Crichton returns to be the servant of those who are in every way except socially his inferiors, so Maggie, the superior of her husband in every way, remains in the background and sends John out to get the glory. In fact *What Every Woman Knows* is as anti-feminist in its true implications as *The Admirable Crichton* is politically reactionary.

Yet, as I said, these are both clever plays. Barrie was a clever man. He knew the tricks of his trade and knew how to persuade the theatre-going public that they were seeing something subtler than in fact they were seeing. He was a skilful journalist and a cunning man of the theatre. Above all he was a great manipulator of feelings. One of the characters remarks in *What Every Woman Knows* that 'there are few more impressive sights in the world than a Scotsman on the make', and this both shows that Barrie had a certain gift of phrase and reveals a certain truth about himself. For he was, of course, a 'Scotsman on the make'. He chose his way to success with care and cunning. His descriptions of life in a Scottish provincial town, for all their use of Scottish dialect and particularly of Scottish ecclesiastical and social custom, were presented for the delectation of the English reader, who accepted them as renderings of the Scottish scene as avidly as an earlier generation of English readers had accepted Walter Scott's pictures of Scottish life and countryside in his narrative poems. Barrie's stories set in Thrums—which was his native Kirriemuir—are sentimental in an unusual way. He does not play down the grinding poverty in which most of his characters lived, and the social detail is accurately and vividly presented. But the emotional patterns are twisted with the same palpitating falsification and outrageous manipulation of feeling that we find in so many of his plays.

The Thrums stories represented Barrie's contribution to the 'Kailyard Movement' in Scottish literature, a movement sharply but only temporarily challenged in 1901 by the savage naturalism of George Douglas Brown's novel *The House with the Green Shutters*. It was perhaps under the stimulus of this that J. H.

Millar, writing in his *Literary History of Scotland* in 1903, saw *The Little Minister* as evidence of what he called Barrie's 'cynical disregard of true art [and] studied playing to the gallery'. Millar saw Barrie's early work as a prelude to a host of sentimental Scottish character stories. 'The circulating libraries', he wrote, 'became charged to overflowing with a crowd of ministers, precentors, and beadles, . . . while the land was plangent with the sobs of grown men, vainly endeavouring to stifle their emotion by an elaborate affectation of "peching" and "hoasting"'. Scottish literature has never quite recovered from this kailyard movement.

But Barrie was a kailyarder with a difference, and when he turned to the London theatre as his medium it was his own brand of coy yet tortured emotionalism that he purveyed. He adapted to an English setting the emotional situations he had employed in the Thrums stories: for example, Miss Susan and Miss Phoebe and their blue and white room, in *Quality Street*, are the English version of Miss Ailie and Miss Kitty and their blue and white room in *Sentimental Tommy*. I have talked a good deal about the Thrums stories because they show Barrie developing and exercising his characteristic kind of emotional situation before transferring it with suitable kinds of modification to the English stage: they are the central clue to the real Barrie.

And how good are his plays? Do his theatrical adroitness and his undeniable humour atone for his peculiarly nasty brand of sentimentalism, or do they make it worse? I can only say that for myself, in spite of much humorous contrivance and deft construction, nearly all his plays are embarrassingly false and shirk with a positively shameless cunning all the true issues of emotional life.

The key to the tone is in the stage directions, which I cannot read without shuddering. Their coy intimacy and patronizing exhibitionism are intolerable. Why don't we, he asks in the stage direction at the beginning of *Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire*, take a peep into Amy's diary?

Is it because this would be a form of eavesdropping, and that we cannot be sure our hands are clean enough to turn the pages of a young girl's thoughts? It cannot be that, because the novelists do it. It is because in a play we must tell little that is not revealed by the spoken words. . . . So now we know why we must not spy into Amy's diary. Perhaps we have not always been such sticklers for the etiquette of the thing; but we are always sticklers on Thursdays, and this is a Thursday.

Why is this so awful? Isn't it the veneer of knowingness over the catch-in-the-throat emotional self-indulgence?

Barrie's habit of apostrophizing his characters in his stage directions is only the most infuriating of many devices for drawing the reader with him into his world of mingled cruelty and syrup. The humour of situation in *Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire* is drowned by the play's relentlessly cloying pattern of feeling. One gets this again and again—in *A Kiss for Cinderella*, in *Mary Rose* (for all its touches of humorous satire), in *The Old Lady Shows her Medals*, and perhaps most horribly of all in *Pantaloone*. One grants the skill, the humour, the cunning: but they only go to prove how deliberate it all is, how unscrupulously Barrie pursued his career of a Scotsman on the make.

But isn't *Peter Pan*, at least, a great children's classic? One may grant that many children see and enjoy it every year—though largely, I suspect, because it is a stage play, it is live theatre, which children see all too rarely and which nearly all children love. For many children it is the first play they see, and of course they adore it—one always adores one's first experience of the live theatre in action. But surely it is a thoroughly embarrassing

play. From the opening domestic scene, which is neither truly imagined domestic comedy nor genuine farce nor pure fantasy but an uncomfortable mixture of satire, whimsy, music-hall, and emotionalism—from this opening scene through all the varied action with its deliberately shifting levels of probability and its studied playing up to the traditional properties of childhood imagination, right up to the final confrontation of Wendy's affection and Peter's egotism, there is that same distortion of human relationships, that sexless confounding of different kinds of love and concern, that same delicate cruelty, that Barrie has always dealt with. We may accept it here because it is a play largely about and for children. But I don't know. I saw *Peter Pan* only once as a child, and it made me acutely uncomfortable; now I read it with squirming embarrassment.

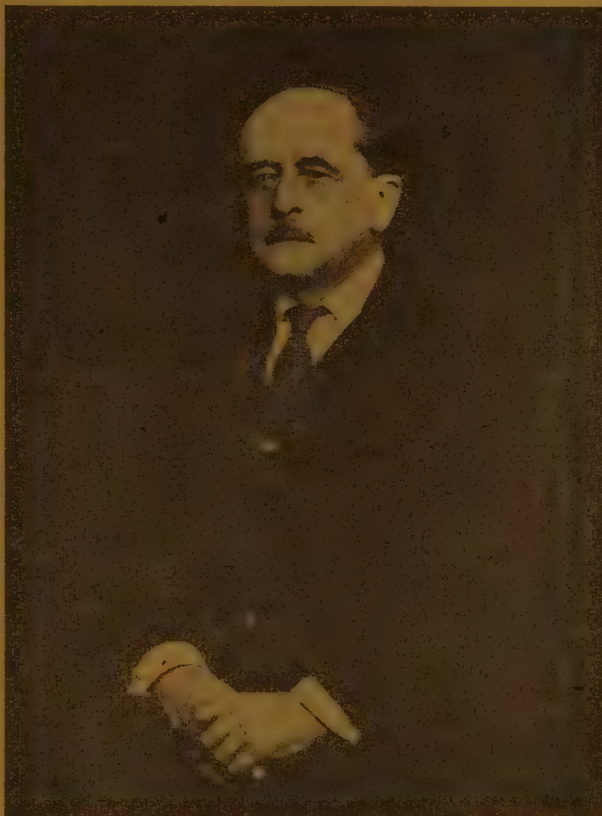
It is not only the degeneration of the classical Pan into a whimsical symbol of permanent pre-puberty that is intolerable; again, one might accept that in a play for children.

Perhaps I can explain my discomfort by a comparison. *Peter Pan* remarks defiantly 'I don't want to go to school and learn solemn things. No one is going to catch me, lady, and make me a man'. Put this beside Huckleberry Finn's similar remark: 'The Widow Douglas she took me for her son, and allowed she would civilize me; but it was rough living in the house all the time, considering how dismal regular and decent the widow was in her ways; so when I couldn't stand it no longer I lit out'. Put these two together and *Peter Pan* is exposed. Huckleberry Finn's refusal to grow up and be respectable is a profoundly ironic critical gesture, whereas *Peter Pan*'s behaviour represents a contrived adult escapism.

For Barrie, literature was an escape from life and at the same time a revenge taken on life for daring to pose adult problems involving real human relationships. The cloying sweetness belongs to the escape, and the cruelty to the revenge. Perhaps we may conclude from this that at

bottom he was impelled less by unscrupulousness than by an inwardly tortured and divided personality. Perhaps I have overstressed the calculating side of Barrie. Clearly, something within him helped to twist his view of human relations into the pattern I have been describing. For those who want to explain rather than evaluate his work there is much more to say.

—Third Programme



Sir James Barrie in 1925

Among recent additions to the World's Classics series are *Letters of Alexander Pope*, selected and introduced by John Butt; *East African Explorers*, selected and introduced by Charles Richards and James Place; and *Man-Eaters of Kumaon* and *The Temple Tiger*, by Jim Corbett (Oxford, 8s. 6d. each). The two latest titles in the New Shakespeare are *King Lear*, edited by G. I. Duthie and J. Dover Wilson, and *Cymbeline*, edited by J. Dover Wilson and J. C. Maxwell (Cambridge, 18s. each). Webster's *The White Devil*, edited by John Russell Brown, has been added to Methuen's series of 'Revels' plays (21s.).

* * *

A Summary of the Present Position of Stereophonic Broadcasting is the title of B.B.C. Engineering Division Monograph No. 29 for April 1960. This has been written jointly by Mr. D. E. L. Shorter and Dr. C. J. Phillips of the B.B.C. Engineering Research Department. In it are discussed the various methods by which stereophonic programmes can be produced for sound recording or broadcasting, with particular reference to stereophonic reproduction at home. The monograph can be obtained (5s. post free) from B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, or through newsagents and booksellers.

B.B.C. NEWS HEADLINES

May 4-10

Wednesday, May 4

Mr. Louw, South African Minister of External Affairs, says in London that there will be no change in his country's policy of *apartheid* as a result of the recent disturbances

The National Committee of the Amalgamated Engineering Union votes at its annual conference in Blackpool in favour of Britain giving up the hydrogen bomb

Thursday, May 5

The Prime Minister of Malaya says that he will not have any more talks with Mr. Louw because of his 'extreme unreasonableness' about *apartheid*

Mr. Khrushchev, in an address to the Supreme Soviet, says that the Russians shot down an American aircraft flying over Soviet territory last Sunday

Friday, May 6

The Russians say that they shot the American aircraft down with one of their new ground-to-air missiles

Mr. Erasmus, South African Minister of Justice, says that more than 18,000 Africans have been arrested since the emergency began five weeks ago

Saturday, May 7

Mr. Khrushchev announces that the pilot of the American aircraft shot down on May 1 is alive, and claims that photographs of Russian airfields and industrial installations were recovered from the aircraft's cameras

It is announced that Mr. Voroshilov has resigned as President of the U.S.S.R. for reasons of health, and that he is to be replaced by Mr. L. Brezhnev

In the F.A. Cup Final Wolverhampton Wanderers beat Blackburn Rovers 3-0

Sunday, May 8

The American State Department admits that the aircraft shot down over Russia had 'probably' been engaged on an intelligence mission

Police in Northern Ireland discover a large arms dump at Londonderry

Monday, May 9

Mr. Khrushchev says if any more American aircraft try to fly over Russia they will be shot down and their bases attacked

The Government of Ghana withdraws its invitation to Mr. Louw to visit the country

Tuesday, May 10

Convocation of Canterbury unanimously passes a resolution condemning *apartheid*

Writs are issued in London against the Electrical Trades Union and sixteen of its officials by two other officials

Admiral Sir Caspar John is appointed First Sea Lord in succession to Admiral of the Fleet Sir Charles Lambe, who resigns on grounds of ill-health



Princess Margaret walking up the aisle of Westminster Abbey on the arm of the Duke of Edinburgh for her marriage to Mr. Antony Armstrong-Jones on May 6



The scene in the Abbey
The Queen and Prince Philip

Left, the bride and groom

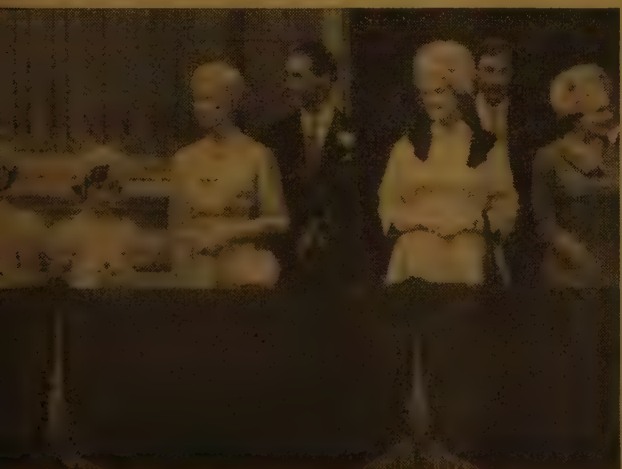


ROYAL WEDDING



The marriage service conducted by the Archbishop of Canterbury. The bride and groom are on the right of the chancel; members of the bridegroom's family on the left.

in the Throne Room of Buckingham Palace: one of the official photographs taken on their return from the Abbey



After the ceremony: the bride and bridegroom being driven in the glass coach along the Mall to Buckingham Palace



The newly-married couple, who are starting their honeymoon by cruising in the Caribbean, boarding the launch at Tower Pier that took them out to the royal yacht 'Britannia'

Left: Princess Margaret and her husband, surrounded by members of the Royal Family, waving to an enthusiastic crowd from the balcony of Buckingham Palace

Nationalism in the Modern World

The Nation and the Individual

By HENRI TAJFEL

IT is hardly necessary to say that nationalism cannot be 'explained' psychologically. An attempt to do so would be as inadequate as an attempt to give a purely psychological account of fluctuations in the bank rate or of the French Revolution. Nevertheless, a system of feelings and beliefs is part and parcel of nationalism; and because of this, its consideration from a psychological point of view may prove of some use.

Psychologically, nationalism may be all things to all people, and many things to one person. George Mikes, in his book *How to be an Alien*, has a brief exchange between a recently naturalized British citizen and a lady who is British by birth. The ex-alien says: 'I hear that our planes have bombed Tokyo again'. The lady's reply is: 'You mean *our* planes'. Obviously for those two people the possessive overtones of the word 'our' have a very different flavour; and yet, in a sense, they are both 'nationalists'. So is the man who hates all foreigners; and the man who is willing to lay down his life for the freedom of his country.

Any Common Denominator?

Can we then speak about the psychology of nationalism? Is there some common denominator to all this variety of feelings, emotions, and beliefs? In a very general sense, there probably is. We can say that the psychological basis of nationalism is an individual's identification with a large group of people whom he conceives to be his nation. And, like most other group identifications, nationalism can vary in two ways at least: first, in the intensity of the reactions that it may arouse; and, secondly, in the nature of those reactions. One may feel oneself to be a member of a group, but not in an intense way. Presumably, not many people could work themselves into a state of high excitement because of their membership of a wine-tasting society or of a book club; though undoubtedly some could. At the other extreme, all of us are expected to feel strongly, in some circumstances at least, about our family and our country; though, again, some people probably never do. In other words, the intensity of reactions generated by the identification with a group is related both to the nature of that group and to some individual characteristics of the people who belong to it.

The nature of individual reactions underlying a group identification varies as much as their intensity. To some physicians membership of their professional group may be important because it represents security of status in society; to others, the tradition of service to mankind may be the primary source of a strongly felt identification. No doubt we could find some physicians at each of those extremes; and probably even more whose professional identification is a subtle mixture of both. Nationalism is no exception to this diversity in the nature and intensity of identifications, but somehow it seems that there is a difference. Nationalism can scale heights of emotion for which a parallel can

hardly be found; it also encompasses a tremendously rich range of feelings: love and hatred, joy and anger, pride and humiliation, admiration and contempt. Perhaps there is only one other group about which we can feel so much and so strongly: our family.

Different Groups

Let us start with the problem of intensity. We all belong to a variety of groups. Not all of these groups are of equal importance to us, and few of them are important at all times. A man may be a bank clerk, a member of the local football team, and a student in an adult education class. The membership of each of these groups imposes a specific pattern of behaviour at specified periods of time. We pass in our everyday life from one situation to another, adapt to each in turn, and in each show a different face to the outside world. Each of the numerous groups to which we belong becomes salient in fairly clear-cut situations, and sometimes what is relevant to one could hardly be enacted simultaneously with what is relevant to another.

This is not the case with membership of a national group. It is, in a sense, all-pervasive; it is with us in all situations, at all times. But in normal circumstances we need not be aware of it; it is so diluted that it hardly matters. We do not serve a customer, play football, give a lecture, work in a factory, meet friends, in a national context, in our capacity of a member of a national group. However, in some situations we may do all these things, and almost any number of others, primarily as nationals of a country, and this is probably the first important distinction between the national and other group identifications. Nationalism, as a group identification, is nowhere and potentially everywhere. When we talk to a foreigner, awareness of our national identity may encompass most aspects of our life. It is with us even more when, on a journey abroad, we feel a living embodiment of 'back home'. A British scientist attending a conference at home is primarily a physicist; in an international conference he may become primarily a *British* scientist. Thus, the aspects of our life to which nationalism is relevant are not neatly and precisely defined; but, given certain conditions, nationalism may become relevant in an all-embracing variety of contexts.

Family and Country

This becomes clear in a situation of national emergency. Then our bank clerk is liable to act as a national of his country when he sits behind his counter, plays football, attends his evening class, and talks to his neighbours. But this does not account fully for the depth of feeling that nationalism may generate. We do not expect a doctor to be ready to die for the British Medical Association; but we are not surprised if someone says: 'I am willing to die for my country'. The defence of an idea or of a faith may lead to readiness for supreme sacrifices. But among

the groups to which we belong there are two only which seem able to claim as much, independently of what they stand for, whether they are right or wrong; simply, it seems, because they exist, and because we are part of them—our family and our country.

Why? Possibly because if either of them is destroyed the whole structure of our life is liable to collapse; and, in the case of nationalism, possibly also because of the trend of powerful social influences. All over the world strong social pressures converge to stress the sanctity of national feeling. The counter-pressures are few and far between. An awareness of national identity tends to come early in life, and its significance is bolstered by a variety of highly emotional symbols, by the teaching of history at schools, by what children learn from adults.

A Child's View

The child assimilates the emotional and prestige symbols of nationalism before he develops a clear idea of what it is all about. A neat example of this can be found in a report by a team of American psychologists who investigated in 1948 the development of ethnic identifications in children. These do not mean much to very young children. A boy of three and a half who was asked: 'Are you an American?' answered: 'No, I am a cowboy'. And a girl of about the same age: 'No, my father is American, I am a girl'. But an interesting sequence appears in the answers of slightly older children to the question: 'What does American mean?' A boy of four answered: 'I was an American when I had my gun, but when they took my gun away I wasn't an American any more'. Another child between six and seven said: 'Americans is when they fight in the war. Only the soldiers are American'. Another child about a year older, replied: 'When you are true and don't tell lies . . . when you fight for your country . . .'. And a child between nine and ten said: 'Act like American. A real American. To be everything you are supposed to be . . .'. And a final one of the same age defined it as: 'A nationality: a nation you come from. If you are a citizen and if you are born in America, you are American'.

The influence of the war is obvious in this sequence. It is nevertheless instructive. And as one would expect, with increase in age there is a trend towards more abstract definitions. But most of them show a tendency for the national label to become very early in life a repository of all that is good, true, and brave—with, in the youngest cases, special stress on the aggressive and fighting aspects of bravery. When these children, and children in any other country, grow up they will find very few counter-influences. There is no competition for the sanctity, the rights, and the excellence of one's own country.

We have seen so far that nationalism differs psychologically from most other group identifications because its range of application in an

individual's life varies in an ill-defined manner from almost nothing to almost everything; because the strong emotional overtones of the idea of one's nation form an inherent part of growing up; and because there is no escape from this identification and no competition with it in the usual human experience. But, as I have said, nationalism may be all things to all people, and many things to one person. Any group identification may fulfil a number of needs. What needs are fulfilled in nationalism?

A hint of an answer is provided in the fact that patriotism and chauvinism are both forms of nationalism. There are few forms of nationalism which are not, in the last analysis, directed against someone; but, few as they are, their importance must not be underestimated. A national catastrophe may bring in its wake a nation-wide solidarity of purpose. An international competition of any sort may be seen in terms of doing better than someone else rather than acting against someone else. All the same, in most cases nationalism is an aggressive attitude. Sometimes the causes and the direction of this aggression are too obvious to require any discussion; but often its origins and the direction it takes cannot be traced in a simple manner to an immediate and objective threat to personal or national integrity. It is a well known psychological phenomenon that frustration often leads to aggression. Frustration in a complex society may be of a complex nature; its causes may be difficult to pinpoint and to understand. Direct aggression against the agent of frustration is

then impossible: the agent is either unknown or does not exist in a concrete sense. An aggressive brand of nationalism can then provide an ideal outlet for the accumulated tensions; it is an outlet sanctioned by tradition, approved by society at large, not placing on the individual a heavy burden of personal responsibility. 'Us' and 'them' becomes a measure of all things.

In an exaggerated form this kind of nationalism finds its expression in the lunatic fringe with which all societies tend to be blessed. Here, hatred of other national or racial groups becomes the central feature of nationalism, and, as in the case of people who suffer from pronounced paranoid tendencies, the question one must ask is: 'What are the emotional gains achieved by this irresistible drive to hate?' Nationalism in such cases is best treated and understood as a clinical symptom rather than a cause, and it may have a variety of emotional gains. They will all tend to converge in the aggression which often provides a solution for personal problems of an emotional nature. This in itself would not be an important social problem, were it not for the fact already implied, that in some situations such attitudes spread easily, as they provide a wide and simple avenue of escape for great masses of people.

These various aggressive aspects of nationalism have somehow become inescapably implicit in the term itself. But a strongly felt identification with one's national group, or with any group, need not be aggressive; it need not be nationalism 'against', it may be national-

ism 'for'. It could then become a useful psychological lever for constructive action, and it could help to preserve a diversity of identities which, in our age of rapid mass communications, seems more worth preserving than ever. But this would not be a simple matter or an easy task. The separation of the two aspects of nationalism which have become welded together during generations would require a long process of education applied to many aspects of national life. I knew an English boy who spent a year in the United States. He went to school there and happened to be learning in his history classes about the period of the War of Independence. After he had come back to England, for a long time he found it difficult to believe that Britain and the United States were allies. How was this possible, he asked, when the British have always been the enemies of America?

Nationalism could, I believe, become a positive force both in national and in international life if it could be diverted from its aspects so well represented in this manner of teaching history. This would be long and difficult. If it cannot be done, if nationalism must continue in its present mood in which the ingredients of love and hate are so unevenly balanced, then, one is tempted to say, the sooner it disappears the better. But there is no reason why it could not be done.

This is the second of eight broadcasts given by various speakers in the General Overseas Service of the B.B.C. The first talk, by David Thomson, was published in THE LISTENER last week

Three Poems

Healing a Lunatic Boy

Trees turned and talked to me,
Tigers sang,
Houses put on leaves,
Water rang.
Flew in, flew out
On my tongue's thread
A speech of birds
From my hurt head.

At my fine loin
Fire and cloud kissed,
Rummaged the green bone
Beneath my wrist.
I saw a sentence
Of fern and tare
Write with loud light
The mineral air.

On a stopped morning
The city spoke,
In my rich mouth
Oceans broke.
No more on the spun shore
I walked unfed,
I drank the sweet sea,
Stones were bread.

Then came the healer
Grave as grass,
His hair of water
And hands of glass.
I watched at his tongue

The white words eat,
In death, dismounted
At his stabbed feet.

Now river is river
And tree is tree,
My house stands still
As the northern sea.
On my hundred of parables
I heard him pray,
Seize my smashed world,
Wrap it away.

Now the pebble is sour,
The birds beat high,
The fern is silent,
The river dry.
A seething summer
Burned to bone
Feeds at my mouth
But finds a stone.

CHARLES CAUSLEY

Ostia Antica

Now fountains play no more.
No wheel, no footfall, only
Cicada or swallow chattering.
The town lies bare and lonely.

Yet the warm skin of the sun
Smooths the white marble's bone.
The lizard is a beating vein
Of life on the hot stone,

And the trembling butterflies
One after one drop down
To the turf crammed with its flowers,
And pavements notched with stone.

Stranded by time and the sea
Its roofless houses stand
Picked bare by the white sunlight
Like dry shells glittering on sand.

And yet quietly, with pity
The butterflies drop down,
Psyche and love to their dwelling.
The sun's blood warms the stone.

MARGARET STANLEY-WRENCH

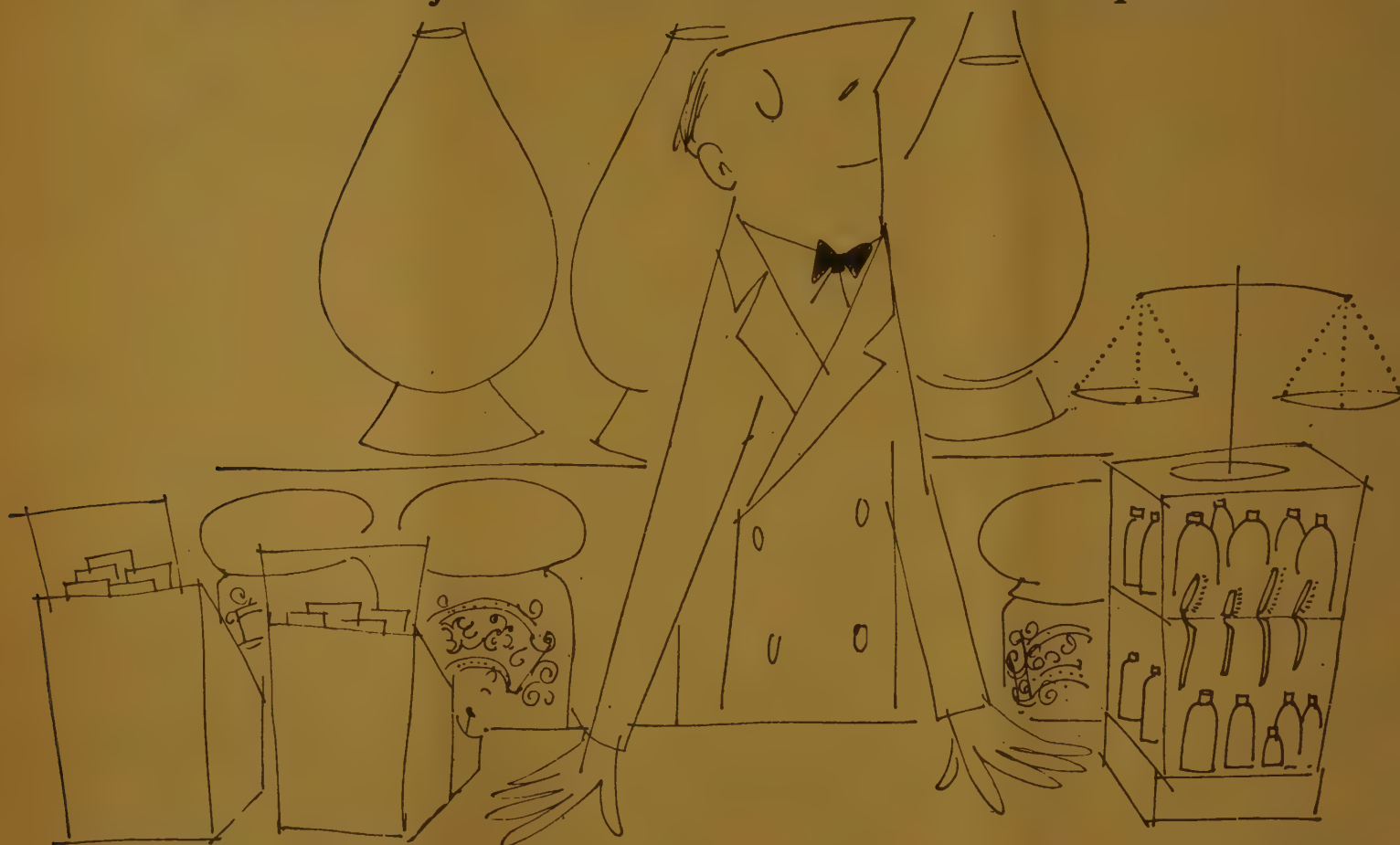
The Funeral

Both priest and labourer, self-interred,
Here for a summer's day I have
Lowered myself into my grave
To wait the coming of the word—
And all the while a singing bird
Sang to her three green eggs above,
Having misread the time or love
Wishing that he might be preferred;
Till at her joyful enterprise
Grief faltered and forgot his phrase,
Lichen filled in the limestone's lies,
My dusty tongue took up her praise
And the quick heart from fear and time
Released, sat brooding on a rhyme.

DAVID CAMPBELL



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Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

Rights and Privileges

Sir,—Mr. Christopher Martin (THE LISTENER, April 28) thinks that 'cool and rational discussion' would be promoted if we talked about 'privileges' instead of 'rights'. The word 'rights', outside a defined legal context, has indeed its difficulties, but to drop it is to lose a protest word against the idea that the authorities are morally omniscient and to suggest that liberties should be looked on as concessions to be granted or revoked. Mr. Martin may not object to this. But his proposal to substitute the word 'privileges' surely just produces more confusion and abuse of an already abused word. To use it strictly would be to take away the possibility of pleading that there are some powers and liberties which everyone should be able to enjoy. For a privilege, originally 'a law in favour of an individual', is by definition an advantage or exemption which can be enjoyed by some person or body of persons but not by everyone. In these days we are always hearing that people are 'over-privileged' or 'under-privileged' as though there were a desirable middle state of just being 'privileged'. What would 'privileged' mean if everyone were able to be in this state?

Yours, etc.,

Manchester University DOROTHY EMMET

A Different World from This

Sir,—Re Sir Harold Nicolson's interesting talk on 'A Different World from This' as published in THE LISTENER of May 5, I, in my eighty-ninth year, would suggest that the practical and varied uses of electricity, including the vital spark for internal combustion, easily takes first place in the many universal changes from yesterday to today.

Yours, etc.,

Sleaford G. E. LINES

The World's Changing Climate

Sir,—Mr. Lamb is certainly right when he claims (THE LISTENER, April 7) that the influence of the weather on historical events has been underestimated by historians. But Mr. Grimes's letter, published on May 5, shows the absurd lengths to which the argument can be taken.

He suggests that a rise in the temperature of perhaps ten degrees, over a period of 150 years, played a part in the wars and revolutions of the middle decades of the nineteenth century 'not hitherto recognized'. Yet he does not seem to realize that the height of the Little Ice Age was also a great period of wars and revolutions; it saw not only the English Revolution of 1688, but twenty-five years of almost continuous war in Europe.

The migrations of the Norsemen and Turks in the tenth and eleventh centuries may have been made possible by the warm spell which started about 1000; but it was other factors which set these migrations in motion.

It seems that the weather has exercised an almost negative influence on the history of the last millennium. Events and movements have been made possible or impossible by it; but the forces which created and moulded them are to be found elsewhere.—Yours, etc.,

Oxford

P. R. MANSERGH

Sir,—Chartism, the Indian Mutiny, and the Crimean War were not the result of mere human restlessness just because the temperature was a degree or two warmer. Mr. Grimes's letter is a prime instance of woolly facts being adduced to support a woolly theory.

Does he suppose, moreover, that icebound ports kept the Danes at home before the eighth century? Even in summer? Had that been so, it would have argued a climatic catastrophe that would have rendered the northern countries habitable only to a sprinkling of Eskimo-type sea-hunters. Scandinavian archaeology, needless to say, does not support this theory. In any case, long-ships do not need ports—they can be hauled on to beaches.

Yours, etc.,

Coventry J. F. WEST

The Faith of a Humanist

Sir,—Is not the answer to the questions put by Sir Herbert Jones in THE LISTENER of May 5 to be found in the talk on 'The Springs of Nationalism' by David Thomson published on the first page of the same issue? Mr. Thomson shows how in the last 200 years the consciousness of nationality has grown in the hearts and minds of individuals and of races throughout the world so that it seems to become part of our inner consciousness or make-up. May not our older concepts such as moral consciousness, to which Sir Herbert Jones refers, sense of humour, and all our other qualities have arisen in a similar way, and may we not hope that other and better concepts will yet arise to dominate the hearts and minds of men? Evolution does not 'will' anything but is merely a theory of how changes take place. As to the past and future of individuals, is it not plain that we owe our great heritage to the efforts of countless millions who have gone before us, and that recognition of our heavy responsibility for improving and passing on that heritage is a sufficient justification for every individual existence?—Yours, etc.,

Chichester

HERBERT HARDING

The 'Brains Trust'

Sir,—I am impelled, by agreeing so much with Mr. Hilary Corke in 'The Critic on the Hearth' last week, to write and say, or ask, why is it the magic has gone out of the 'Brains Trust' by reducing the numbers to three and a chairman? I am sure it is not only the unsuitability of the mixing, but somehow the atmosphere is now quite other.

Why was this change made? I am a regular and eager listener to the repeat on Sundays, but have lately been sadly disappointed.

Yours, etc.,

Hest Bank

JANET ASHBEE

Sir,—If the early history of the 'Brains Trust' is worth recording at such length, it may as well be recorded accurately. Mr. Wall's article (THE LISTENER, May 5) seems somewhat selective in its facts.

My own version of the facts would be that I devised three or four methods of presenting the programme, as possible alternatives to the straightforward chairman-plus-panel; but I was not particularly enthusiastic about these alternatives, and was quite happy to follow the 'Information, Please' formula. The point that I considered of primary importance was that the questions should be worth consideration and likely to lead to fruitful and interesting discussion. This point was stressed in the joint memorandum which was sent by Howard Thomas and myself. In quoting one passage from it, Mr. Wall remarks: 'Thomas had to choose the team. He wrote a memo. at the time'. If I remember rightly, it was I who drafted not only this passage but the larger part of the memorandum.

The list of twenty-seven possible experts was, of course, a joint list. I recall that I suggested Joad, and stuck to my suggestion in spite of arguments that the British listener would not stomach his squeaky voice. According to Mr. Wall: 'Cleverdon was not happy about McCullough and Campbell; he wanted intellectuals. But Thomas won the day'. Well, really! . . . As it turned out, Joad the intellectual (to use the smear-word) had the most meteorically successful career of all B.B.C. sound broadcasters.

Mr. Wall quotes the first question of the first broadcast: 'What are the Seven Wonders of the World?' I was not happy about such factual questions as this; they seemed to me a waste of the experts' time. Joint production in such circumstances was not easy; and after a time it was agreed that Howard Thomas and I should produce—and choose the questions for—the programmes alternately. This arrangement continued until Variety Department, and Howard Thomas with it, left Bristol. As I remained with the West Region, it was reasonable that the 'Brains Trust' should be administered entirely by a London producer. Besides, my friend Howard Thomas, as his subsequent career has shown, is a much more forceful character than I.

Yours, etc.,

B.B.C.

DOUGLAS CLEVERDON
(Features Department)

[Mr. Wall is at present away on holiday. But surely no impartial reader would consider that the article reflected upon Mr. Cleverdon, whose ability as a producer is well known both inside and outside the B.B.C.—Editor, THE LISTENER]

Painting of the Month

Rembrandt's Self-portrait at Kenwood

By DAVID PIPER

WHEN the time came for me, some weeks ago, to think about what I was going to say in this talk, I went up to Kenwood to consult the painting itself. Kenwood House was looking rather odd, perched on the gracious brow of the grassy slope which it commands usually so elegantly but this time looking, from a distance, strangely Swiss—a chalet effect, under a tin hat of corrugated iron. Once inside, however, Rembrandt was all right. In fact he was rather more himself than I remembered him, and I know him well, because he is the painter I love the most, and of all his pictures this self-portrait is almost the one that I would save if all the others had to go. I thought at first that the reason for Rembrandt being rather more himself even than usual was that the afternoon sun from the west windows was coming in, and lighting him from the same way as he is lit in the painting. But it was not this; he had a spotlight on him, and none of the other pictures in the room had. But even though his glow was not magic, and in a way unfair, he wore it all right—gave it off, so to speak, with *panache* and at the same time accepted it gravely, as homage.

There he was at the far end of the dining-room at Kenwood, on the left, and I looked at him for about an hour and a half, on and off, making occasional sallies away to the other pictures in the room and to the rest of the house. You see him three-quarter length, to just above the knees, and he is standing almost square to you, his body and head forming roughly a flat-topped triangle. When you start looking especially at this shape, you start naturally from the top, his head, because there the light falling strongly from the left concentrates and defines most sharply: there is the highest light in the painting on his rather squared-off whitish turban-like headgear, and below that, with a bunch of grey hair thick at the sides, there is the marvellous terrain of his face that the light searches as doggedly and luminously as his own vision, finding its strongest reflecting surface—characteristically, properly, and with great aplomb and gravity—on the end of his round nose. The eyes themselves are in shadow, with no reflected lights, but they look. The face is not startlingly handsome, and the nose is perhaps a little swollen; it might claim to be the dominant

in the face but in fact it is not; the eyes and the mouth are together dominant, the eyes especially: a little sad if you look at them alone—but then everyone will read their expression differently—and above all, perhaps, they are absorbed, utterly absorbed, with two little bumps of concentration over them central between his

his body, holding the mahlstick in a diagonal slant up to the left, and then, more to the right, a bunch, a sheaf, of paint-brushes and an angle off to the right a flat parallelogram that is his tray-shaped palette. All this is predominantly warm brown, carrying on a glow of red woven across the top of the

blouse under his outer garment. Then his shape comes in at the elbows, but the main triangular design is carried on by the darkening background, and grows down into the shadow. It grows up from the shadow rather, for the eye moves up again to find him who is so and solid, bulking against the brownish-grey background, as looking.

Now come closer: you cannot ignore Rembrandt's own warning about not poking your nose into the paint of his pictures—case the smell of paint kills you. That was a remark intended for the connoisseurs of his time, for then—particularly in his own age—general taste had hardened in favour of polished painting which looked much the same or could at least be read consistently in the same terms whether they were looked close to or far away. But when you close up on Rembrandt's paint you find, not details—the sheen on finger-nails or the curve of an eyelash—large-as-life and twice-as-natural—but you find paint, thick colour worked, pushed, slabbed and scrawled, a surface like a battlefield.

At this range you often could not know, if you had not seen the whole from a distance, what the paint was meant to describe. The hand which you know

must be a hand, that holds the brushes becomes a brusque zigzag of paint dragged downwards, diminishing as the dry brush unloads; in the area of dirtyish white there must be his shirt there is a scribble where he has reversed the brush and used the naked sharp end of it in the wet paint. Rembrandt did not bother about that art whose art to conceal the art; he left his workings bare. So from close to you can see the marvellous wizardry, the sleight of hand, of the cooker and much more important, the second-to-second record of the attack, the speed, the urgency of the act of creation.

When you move back into focus for the image this seeming chaos is intended to create you can estimate what this method in Rembrandt's hands adds to the total effect: a living

Self-portrait by Rembrandt, in the Iveagh Bequest, Kenwood House, London



Self-portrait by Rembrandt, in the Iveagh Bequest, Kenwood House, London

vibrancy of texture over a physical weight of gross matter. The portrait is not a facsimile, a wax model, but it is a valid equivalent of Rembrandt's person in a certain mood in a certain light in a certain moment. And so the question which is often asked—is it finished or not?—becomes purely academic. Of course this painting is finished; it consists of parts subordinate to the whole, and the whole is one of the wholest things man ever made: I almost said 'holiest', which would not be far off the mark, but 'sanest' is perhaps more to the point. Rembrandt could of course have painted some more on it, but then it would have become a different picture, not a more finished one. As for what it is a picture of, or what it seems to me to be a picture of, I shall come back to that later. For the moment I want to have a look at Kenwood and some of the other pictures, especially those that hang with the Rembrandt in the dining room.

One of the very nice things about Kenwood is its general atmosphere; somehow it has retained something of the aura of a private house, almost alone amongst such institutions available to the public in London. Outside, children zoom up and down the terrace, and small ladies in black pace beneath the limes, looking down over the water. Inside, there is the natural light on lovely furniture, windows from which one looks down over the lawns, gentle rooms and unexpectedly narrow passages; the decorative detail is of the most prettily austere English late eighteenth century, and in the dining room is a real dining-room table with a potted plant on it, and chairs with shiny upholstered seats: also, of course, the Rembrandt, not to mention a Vermeer.

Core of the Kenwood Collection

The core of the collection of pictures is, I suppose, late eighteenth-century English sieved by High Victorian taste; there are, for example, a landscape and a portrait (of Lady Howe) by Gainsborough that are amongst the best of their kind in Europe, but the speciality is delicious, soppy children. It is all pure enchantment; it is a dream dreamt by the top level of a highly sophisticated gentlemanly society, now gone for ever. And suddenly there is the dining-room door, and there in the corner is Rembrandt, in his working clothes. The dream vanishes; this painting is of now and of ever, without nostalgia.

How right that he should be in the dining room. And he is there set among other seventeenth-century paintings of the Dutch and Flemish schools; you can test his actuality against them. At the same end of the room, on the other side of the window, is a three-quarter length of a lady in black with a white lace cap, broad white ruff and cuffs. She was painted by a follower of Rembrandt, probably Ferdinand Bol; and here too is a beautiful picture, very feminine, a little sly and extremely winning; it exhales a delicate charm. In style it is close to Rembrandt in his more feminine manner. Yet while the detail of lace and costume and flesh is much more literally accurate, in an illusionistic sense, than in the Rembrandt—you can sense the crisp starch in the linen, for example—the effect of the image as a whole is ultimately less real. By the standards of concentration and intensity set by its neighbour, it is a diffuse work.

Next to the Bol are two portraits by Van

Dyck, one of a man with a great dog, and a dizzily tall whole-length of a lady with a Negro page. These two were painted thirty years before the self-portrait, but Van Dyck was nearly Rembrandt's contemporary, seven years older than him. The most obvious quality of the contrast here is between two styles expressing two different ways of life. Van Dyck was a court painter; Rembrandt a painter, in class terms, of the more bourgeois Dutch society. They express fundamentally different views of man's nature.

Van Dyck's Task

The task of Van Dyck—the most brilliant pupil of Rubens—in his native Flanders and in Italy was the embellishment of the sumptuous courts and churches of the Catholic Counter-Reformation, and in his lay portraits, even his English ones, he is still always the painter of ceremonial images; their clothes are more than clothes, they are vestments for ritual. They are there, Van Dyck's people, for our admiration, secure and self-sufficient in the divine and the human order. The tall princess flows sheer up from the ground in black and silver and lace; she has no feet, she does not need them, she grows, but like a flower in a conservatory. She looks at you, but the indifferent arch of her eyebrows accepts a far greater attention from you than she will ever give to you. Rembrandt is coarse and stubborn beside her, a Protestant holding his identity clear of the shadow of darkness as if by sheer will-power; he is alone with himself, searching, uncertain if he is made in the image of God but determined to find out. The world can become almost an arbitrary extension of himself, his mortal flesh reinforced by the attempt to contain it in an almost abstract design. He has no certain place, no niche in human society. He exists in the shadows, in mystery without grace.

Among the other pictures there is also a portrait by Frans Hals, in some ways Rembrandt's opposite number, the extrovert painter of bourgeois Dutch society in the full *joie de vivre* of material prosperity, the whole glorious republic of them, as Van Gogh put it. Here the subject is a man holding a cane, and slashed shining on to the canvas, declamatory, exclamatory with pleasure at himself and at you, his admirer and boon companion. And then, exactly opposite the Rembrandt, at the other end of the room, is Kenwood's famous Vermeer—but poles apart.

A Musician's Picture by Vermeer

The Vermeer girl sits forward in her picture, looking sideways out of it, smiling, but with the light smiling more on her cheek. She has a guitar in her hands, and there is music in the picture, an echo of music. It is a musician's picture; the highlights are hit with the sharp precision of a note on the piano; or perhaps it is a mathematician's picture, of the coolest clarity—yellows, greens, and clear greys; it lives in its clarity quite detached, as if beneath the motionless surface of a sunlit pool of crystal water. The artist, having made it, and made it perfect, has left it; the smooth and polished texture of the paint is entirely impersonal. Over against it the warm troubled reds and browns of the Rembrandt, and its troubled paint; and instead of that cool perfect detachment, an insistent, direct, an involved

questioning. He looks at you, and you are looking at him. He looks at you but you know that he is looking at himself. For a second one may be confused as with a double image in front of this picture, almost dizzy as if on a brink, of the mere possibility in oneself of a self-scrutiny as ruthless as Rembrandt's.

There are no terms of reference outside himself whom he has hauled up out of the darkness by the light of his own vision. Look at his background; no one knows what it is that is behind him. It may be a canvas, propped against the wall, but bare except for two segments of a circle drawn on it. These fragments of a circle have a pictorial meaning, in that they are an integral part of the composition, essential to its stability. But what do they mean beyond that; why are they there? They could be two mathematically precise gestures made by a pair of compasses on the void—but if there is a hint here, a desire even for some scheme of things orderable to the dogma of a formula or creed, it is denied at once by the living rugged mystery of the face, by the irregular substance of the body that breaks and distorts the symmetry of its own triangle. Even the tools of his trade, by which he is establishing at least a pictorial order of unshakable finality—even they, if you look just at them, the mahlstick, the brushes and palette—disrupt with a silhouette like a daddy-longlegs, or an embryonic model for a flying machine about to take off.

Painting of Here and Now

I have been trying to convey some idea of what this painting is about. It is a frustrating business anyway to attempt to describe a visual thing in words. Why, you may wonder, is this series of programmes not on television? And well it might be. Television could show not only the Rembrandt but the other pictures I have mentioned in comparison; it obviously has considerable advantages. But it may also seem to have too many advantages, giving you the illusion that you have seen this painting; that you have had the experience that it has to offer; that in fact you have had it, and need not go and see it. Such an impression would be utterly wrong. I remember a saying of Braque's: 'To define a thing is to substitute the definition for the thing itself'. But this picture is not definable outside its four foot by three foot-odd of surface paint, hanging on the wall at Kenwood. And it is very actual, of here and now. If you go to see it, you may find in it not all or even any of the things it is for me, but if you look at it you will at least not be able to ignore it.

Before I end, I should like to have one more attempt at catching what is the essence of this picture for me. It is a tragic picture of the highest order; it is a study of death in life and of life in death; of the 'gradual receding from appearance' which, Goethe once said, is the process of growing old. This process, as Hannah Arendt has pointed out, becomes tangible in the greatest of the late Rembrandt self-portraits, and I cannot better her description—'the intensity of the eyes seems to illuminate and preside over the receding flesh'. It is a tragic picture, not a picture of despair or least of all of surrender, but of a monumental stoic grandeur. For me, this painting is an extraordinary assurance, not so much of specific hopes or religious faith, but simply of human stamina, and of man's identity.

—Home Service

Round the London Art Galleries

By ALAN CLUTTON-BROCK

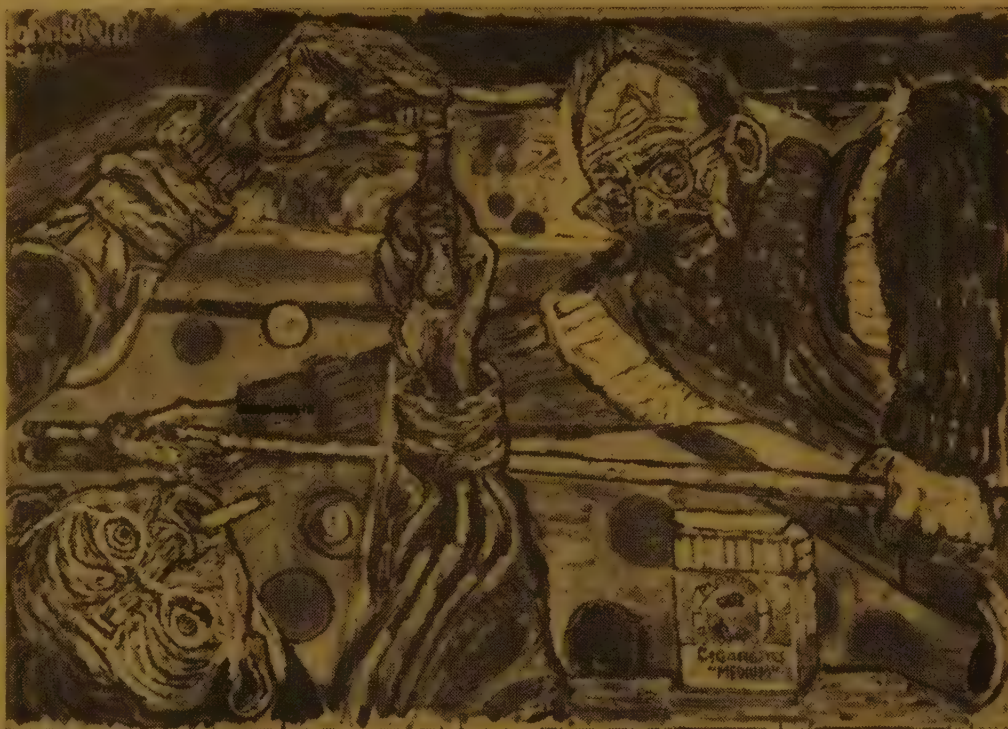
LIFE with the Bratbys, like a serial or soap opera which is conceived as being all middle and with no beginning or end, continues in an exhibition of John Bratby's paintings at the Zwemmer Gallery as well as in this year's Academy. To look at any individual picture is, indeed, curiously like tuning in at infrequent intervals to an instalment of the Archers. We observe that the action is now taking place in a billiards saloon and then there is 'The Return of Janet Churchman', presumably a friend, but we are not in a position to know more about her. Now it is Guy Fawkes Day and the Bratbys have a good supply of fireworks; next it is Christmas and for some reason they are in process of taking the curtains down. And, as with the average serial, no incident is too ordinary and no situation too domestic to get into the picture; day-to-day life may be relied upon as an absolutely inexhaustible and unending theme.

But there is in Bratby's paintings, what the serial inevitably and conspicuously lacks, an intensity and fire which enable him to surmount the most diffuse and rambling treatment of the most banal material. His pictures seem startlingly unplanned, even more so than the most chaotic of Cézanne's early mythological compositions; a head with no body attached appears upside down in one corner of the canvas; the space is not clearly defined; and the relationship of the figures to each other seems entirely casual. The paint looks as if it had gone on anyhow, as if thrown at the canvas in thick gobbets; the choice of colours seems to be capricious and certainly not determined by observation of values. Yet there emerges a sharp, definite, and extremely forceful statement; the rhythm is sustained throughout the picture and the impetus never flags. At the same time every object he paints, background as much as figure or face, is strenuously compelled by every sort of expressionist device to give utterance to the artist's prevailing mood and attitude to life.

The easiest way to describe this attitude is to say that nothing could be more unlike the civilization reflected in Vuillard's interiors, where highly cultivated people are taking an excellent meal in a setting that is elegant without ostentation. For all this, Bratby and his circle, as they

appear in his pictures, would, one suspects, express the same sort of angry contempt that Kingsley Amis feels for the study of English literature. In the modern, ugly, uncouth, and rough-and-ready world of these paintings there is manifest a dislike of any sort of pretension, whether or no this may add to the amenities of life. It is a close, insular, but warm-hearted

bit of his work held in London in 1946. This exhibition has been well arranged to illustrate the diversity of his art, and inevitably it also displays the extraordinary unevenness of his talent. He must surely have been a flighty character to paint a portrait of himself wearing a woman's hat and peering out from among a great collection of masks; with this strain of



'Gnome and Self at Snooker', by John Bratby: from the exhibition at the Zwemmer Gallery

world—warm-hearted to those within it though it may seem hostile to those without—and it is no mean achievement to bring it so vividly before one's eyes.

To get the full effect of Bratby's paintings they should really be seen in the summer exhibition at Burlington House, where he has six large canvases, the full quota allowed to an A.R.A., which is what he so surprisingly is. Here his figures scowl at Sir W. Russell Flint's refined little pin-ups or harshly elbow a complacent bishop, and the effect is to emphasize the extraordinary hotch-potch which is presented by the Academy as it undergoes a rough and belated revolution—revolution it certainly is which permits, for the first time, the admission of a strident abstraction by William Gear, and this into the largest and most important of all the rooms. In the same room may be seen Stanley Spencer's last unfinished work, two other paintings in the Cookham Regatta series, and two early pictures in which the great originality of his talent is particularly well displayed.

To mark the centenary of James Ensor's birth the Marlborough Gallery has arranged a retrospective exhibition, with many paintings and drawings that were not shown in the large exhi-

frivolity there went, one suspects, a remarkable inability to criticize his own production. It is hard to believe that the same artist was responsible for the vivid and glowing colour of the 'Squelette Regardant Chinoiserie' and the weak prettiness of a still life like 'Les Fleurs' (No. 68); there is the same unevenness in the landscapes and as great a contrast between the vigorous and alarming fantasy of 'Les Musiciens Tragiques' and the mawkish piety of 'La Vierge Consolatrice'. But an erratic talent may be capable of adventures that a steadier mind would not permit, and there can be no doubt that many of Ensor's ideas and inventions were strikingly original in their time.

At the Redfern Gallery

Michael Wishart shows landscapes which often have a genuinely romantic quality; in a simplified but not formularized notation he describes an effect of light, a phase of the weather, with great precision. Also at the Redfern Gallery, a series of paintings entitled 'The Passion' by Theyre Lee-Elliott applies with tact an idiom derived from modern abstract painting to religious themes, and Louis James shows abstractions which vaguely evoke an urban landscape.

An exhibition of 'Peintres d'Aujourd'hui' at Tooth's Gallery includes recent works by Buffet, Pignon, Venard, and several other successful French artists of the present time. The general effect is one of great competence, professional dexterity, and a certain smartness which can be rather tiresome.

Roger Hilton's abstractions at the Waddington Galleries are certainly more evocative than the run of such things, and although cleanly painted and with very simple forms, they do incite one to use one's imagination and attempt some identification of the strange objects, figures, or possibly landscapes he has painted. Whether reading things into a picture is the proper business of the spectator may be doubted, but Hilton gives him a helping hand.

The Listener's Book Chronicle

The Invisible Poet: T. S. Eliot

By Hugh Kenner. W. H. Allen. 30s.

Reviewed by RICHARD HOGGART

ANY NEW FULL-LENGTH book about Mr. Eliot ought to be put to a stiff test. Does it, we have the right to ask, substantially assist our understanding of Mr. Eliot's work, both in its particulars and in its general thesis? As we might expect from his earlier work, Mr. Kenner passes this test well.

He gives many instances of close reading so sensitively intelligent that we are left feeling we have a better or a fresh hold on the particular poems—and by now this is not easy in the study of Eliot. I remember especially parts of the commentary on *The Hollow Men*, the comparisons between *Murder in the Cathedral* and a detective story and those between the language of *The Waste Land* and *Burnt Norton*. Mr. Kenner seems most at home when he is discussing aspects of 'voice', its modulations, its ironies, its rhetoric; as in the section on the 'conversation' of the *Four Quartets*, the teasing out through the language of weaknesses in *The Family Reunion* and *The Dry Salvages* (to me at least these were largely new) and even more notably in examining the strange language of the more recent plays—for which he makes out much the best justification I have seen, and one much better than I ever expected to see.

Usually Mr. Kenner does not so much give an exegesis as comment, allusively and relevantly, at the side of the text. Throughout, by echo and cross-reference, he draws upon the whole body of Eliot's work to establish his points and so strengthens our sense of the work's unity. He is, too, particularly enlightening on early influences such as, to take two quite different examples, those of Bradley and Tennyson. In this, the detailed conduct of his study, there are, however, two weaknesses: he underplays adverse judgments; and his style, though usually clear and alert, is also occasionally both clotted and 'smart' at once—as here on *The Hollow Men*:

In the latter part of their discourse adverbial phrases adhere with nicely modified parallelism to a deferred conditional clause in a miniature Miltonic coruscation, urbane as a rolled umbrella in limbo.

Mr. Kenner's general thesis ('the invisible poet') is that Mr. Eliot has consistently adopted an anonymity, has assumed 'deliberate disguises', and in particular that of the orthodox British man of letters: 'In London he discovered the indispensable condition of his art, a milieu whose camouflage he could adopt while remaining in its midst, secretly, the critical alien . . . pretending to be a member of the anonymous Establishment'. Mr. Kenner is clearly delighted with what he regards as almost entirely a sustained tongue-in-cheek deception; so much so that he attributes to it some touches which scarcely seem as clever as he makes out. 'I therefore invite you to consider . . .' as the opening of a sentence in an essay is hardly a 'fine parody of a lecture-room décor . . . superbly Holmesian'. Mr. Kenner seems

anxious to cock a more sophisticated snook at the amusingly stuffy manners of the British literary establishment whenever occasion offers. This is fair critic's fun perhaps, but it can suggest a club of its own; and at such times Mr. Kenner's manner has its own jolliness and whimsy—a sophisticated nudging, the over-insistent wit of the self-consciously 'free' American intellect laughing at British stodginess.

There is, of course, more to the question than this. To see Eliot's predominant manner—prim, donnish, dry—as in part an act of disguising fun is certainly helpful. But how much, we wonder, did Eliot's own nurture (the new England puritan and academic) and nature contribute to the success and the consistency with which he has maintained this manner? The point is worth pursuing, not out of injured national pride but because it leads to the larger question—of a sort of thinness in the very grain of Mr. Eliot's attitudes. The weakness in the larger structure of Mr. Kenner's book is that, in taking Eliot's limiting tones as almost wholly a sophisticated disguise, it does not probe this kind of question sufficiently. In short, for all its great virtues, this book has about it just too much of the air of a *celebration*, a celebration of the great and quirky master (who made good even in London) by a proud compatriot.

The Truth about a Publisher. By Sir Stanley Unwin. Allen and Unwin. 25s.

Sir Stanley Unwin has won real fame—or should one say top marks? He once figured as a solution in a *Times* crossword puzzle. The clue was 'By no means a defeatist'. The setter evidently knew his man. The fact that young Stanley started his working life as an office boy clad in a frock coat and silk hat with an orchid in his buttonhole is more amusing than relevant. For Sir Stanley is not and never was the orchidaceous type. He has always been a man with a mission—or rather two missions: to create a book-publishing house of international repute, and to promote the distribution of British books throughout the world. In this autobiographical record he tells the story of these missions—his Nonconformist background and upbringing; his period of preparation in Germany before entering the publishing house of Fisher Unwin; the establishment of his own business on August 4, 1914; the ups and downs of his fortunes (in 1940 his warehouse was bombed and he lost 1,400,000 books affecting over 2,000 titles); his dealings with famous authors whose works he has published—as well as with unknown authors whom he has brought to fame; his battles over paper rationing and the obstacles to the free flow of books from one country to another; and so to the completion some six years ago of his 'first fifty years' in the book trade. He adds that he has 'much enjoyed the first five years of the next fifty'. The book ends with chapters on, among other things, 'How to make a Nuisance of Oneself'—*vide* the correspondence columns of *The Times*.

The record is impressive. Among the in-

redients of what in the best sense of the phrase may be called a 'success story' are an infinite capacity for taking pains, a gift for making money ('I could have been a millionaire had that been my objective in life; but that is nothing of which to be proud'), an inner faith in 'a Power-not-ourselves that makes for righteousness', a uniformly happy married life, and a temperament which sees his business as his pleasure. 'When people enquire whether, if I had my life to live over again, I should wish it to be different, I can truthfully answer "No"'. Doubts, indistinctness of purpose, human weaknesses—even those that can be endearing—do not figure in the story. Sir Stanley must be counted a fortunate man.

ALAN THOMAS

Neither War nor Peace

By Hugh Seton-Watson.

Methuen. 36s.

Professor Seton-Watson, like his distinguished father, combines scholarship with a passionate interest in contemporary affairs. He is the author of a number of studies of Russian and Eastern European countries on which he is one of the foremost authorities in this country. Now he has written a survey of the contemporary scene which includes Asia, Africa, and South America, as well as the cold war between the Soviet Union and the West. The book is an original one, partly an analysis of the forces determining the present struggle in the world and partly a narrative of events which in the last quarter becomes a more detailed account of the period between the death of Stalin and the present time.

The three master forces are revolution, totalitarianism, and imperialism. These are not only analysed and explained but illustrated by much recent history which at times reaches back into the nineteenth century. An estimate is also made of the contribution to each of the various sections of the population, such as the peasants, the city workers, and the intelligentsia. The last of these is regarded by the author as the prime agent of revolutionary movements and he makes in this connexion and elsewhere some pungent criticisms of Marxian doctrine. A pattern of world affairs is thus produced and events in the different continents are fitted into it. The mass of information which the book contains becomes comprehensible because the history of each separate country, such as Egypt, Indonesia, or Argentina, is narrated in the light of the master forces and their agents, beneficiaries or victims described in the earlier part of the book. This plan has great merits. Though the close-packed sentences in rather small print make solid reading, they give a more comprehensive view of the whole scene than is usual in contemporary history.

The tone is sombre throughout. The emphasis is on the difficulties and dangers, the errors and the weaknesses of the West. 'Coexistence' for the Soviet Union is only a continuation of war by other methods. So far as Europe is concerned this is carried out by rigorous control of the satellites and the communist parties in Western countries. In the rest of the world the main weapon is the incitement of Afro-Asian national-

ism against Western imperialism. Professor Seton-Watson, while not condoning the shabbier aspects of Western imperialism, shows how much it has done to give Asians and Africans the opportunity to create, or recreate, their new national States. He gives also a masterly, concise description of the imperialism of the Soviet Union which has ruthlessly, and sometimes at the cost of terrible suffering, forced its subject nations into the Soviet pattern. He has many interesting and some original reflections on the leaders of the Arab world, of the new African States, and of various States of Latin America.

In such a wide survey it is not likely that all his judgments will be equally convincing. He is an accepted authority on Russian and Eastern European history, but on the rest of the world his information is derived mainly from secondary authorities and the press. His rather dogmatic statements about the causes of events and the motives of the actors in them are sometimes too simplified to be accurate and in some cases are quite misleading. Some of his judgments on British affairs make one distrust others on what is happening in more remote lands of which his knowledge is obviously superficial. Sometimes, as is often the case with contemporary history, recent events have already made them out of date. Nevertheless this bold attempt to make a pattern of our times is packed with useful information, easily assimilated, and is always challenging and stimulating—perhaps all the more so when its scholarship is infused with emotion and humane feeling.

CHARLES WEBSTER

The Buried Day. By C. Day Lewis. Chatto and Windus. 25s.

The possibilities of autobiography as a literary form are considerable. There are indeed classics of the form—those by Rousseau, Gibbon, and Gosse, for instance—but no accepted canons and standards. There is no Shakespeare among autobiographers. Everybody has one autobiography in him, and none is likely to be wholly without interest. Even the memoirs of big game hunters must appeal to big game hunters. But a writer and a poet has obvious advantages. He is using his own medium of expression, and he is accustomed to self-analysis. He is trained to observe and report. C. Day Lewis has always been absorbed by what he calls 'the search for personal identity', the question 'Who am I?' I don't know whether the results of this prose exploration satisfy him, but he has produced a work of quiet but compelling interest.

An almost pathologically shy boy, the only son of an Anglican curate, he lost his mother when he was only four, and grew up obsessed by a sense of insecurity and isolation. His craving for companionship, his excessive dependence on an undependable father, the extreme introversion which made him almost morbidly observant and self-conscious, his compensating interest in team-games and his desire to conform to the demands of the herd—these aspects of his early life are convincingly presented. The mature man is of course well beyond self-pity, and the reader is all the more ready to sympathize with this not altogether appealing child. The boy engages our attention, and we are anxious to find out what becomes of him. Those subsequent phases—the emotional atrophy and 'near-neurotic inertia' of adolescence, the enforced egotism of a spiritual solitary confinement—many of us

have known for ourselves, and we can appreciate Day Lewis's description of them.

This is not, however, a morbid self-portrait. Possibly the sitter was trying, not so much to find himself, as to lose himself. This he does, to some extent, in the realization of the characters of his father, his aunt, his stepmother and many other figures, public and private, with whom he came into contact. He has not in this been uniformly successful, if only because he has not the supreme novelist's art of merging himself wholly in his subject. The portrait of his stepmother, whom he despised, is drawn with cool and unsympathetic detachment, and is entirely convincing. His father, a mixed-up man, and several of the women who influenced the writer, emerge less clearly. But there are some brilliant passages describing his life as boy and as master at Sherborne and Cheltenham, frequent flashes of satirical wit, and a saving sense of the grotesque and the absurd. Day Lewis is a man of sense and judgment, and he knows not only how to beguile but also what to avoid: sententiousness, excessive self-justification or self-incrimination, gossip about celebrities.

JAMES REEVES

The Buildings of England: Leicestershire and Rutland. By Nikolaus Pevsner. Penguin Books. 10s. 6d.

One of the silliest things that ever flowed from the human pen was that phrase of Belloc's about the Midlands being sodden and unkind. So they can be in winter, like most parts of this wet and foggy island in the northern seas: but they are also among the most enchanting for landscapes and architecture of an intensely English kind. To those addicted to the gentlest of all pastimes, that of church-crawling, Leicestershire and Rutland are two of the most rewarding counties, despite their small size.

Rutland, smallest of all, and threatened therefore with extinction in an age that only worships bigness, is the most unspoilt part of England. Industry and commerce, thank God, passed it by in the nineteenth century. There was a devoted man who said in his will: 'When I die, I wish to be buried in Rutland, if there is room'. I had an elderly friend years ago whose idea of a completely satisfying holiday, though he could have flown round the world or wallowed in luxury cruises, was to migrate every summer nineteen miles from Leicester to Oakham in Rutland. There he rested in a comfortable old-fashioned hotel, talking to a few kindred spirits who had come thither from all parts of the country, and being driven by his wife slowly around the beautiful churches and villages of Rutland. This minute movement around a countryside in which there is something beautiful or exciting (or both) every couple of miles set him up for the rest of the year; and it could do the same for any of us without the fatigue of going abroad. But all this is terribly provincial and backward. Our grandfathers did not think so; hence that splendid detailed series of Murray's *Handbooks*. We have almost completely forgotten that we live in one of the enchanting countries in the world to look at, and one that is stuffed full of the great monuments of the past, despite some bombardment from the air in recent years and the much more serious and sustained bombardment by the motor-car.

It is true that the villages of Leicestershire many of them, are swamped in redbrick building of late Victorian and Edwardian days, when hosiery and boots and shoes were coming up but there are most beautiful places in east Leicestershire (Horninghold, for example) and there are many outstanding country houses. There is Staunton Harold, with its remarkable Commonwealth church, which Pevsner rightly says must be unsurpassed for Englishness in setting and grouping. There are delicious churches like the early Gothic Revival (as early as 1757-75) of King's Norton, which seems to sail like a ship across the green uplands of Leicestershire in early summer; or the medieval grandeur of Gaddesby among a score of others. As for Rutland, is there a finer trio of country churches anywhere in England, so close together, as Ketton, Empingham, and Exton? A day spent in this small piece of country, six miles across at the most, would be one of the most memorable in any church-crawler's life.

Both counties are memorable also for their church monuments. Leicestershire has more than fifty, even by Pevsner's exacting standards that are worth going to see, not just coming across by chance, beginning with that wonderful series at Bottesford of the tombs of the earls and dukes of Rutland. And in Rutland there is Exton, full of gorgeous memorials and rolling epitaphs. This review could easily become a catalogue, for this is one of Pevsner's best volumes, not least because it has been well vetted locally (and even the best of us must seek the local expert at times). Like all the books in *The Buildings of England*, this one is weak on vernacular building (uninviting words for the ordinary buildings of the English towns and countryside). The answer must be that to record even the best of the vernacular building in town and village would double the length of each book, and defeat its object in providing a cheap, reliable, and convenient guide to the most human countryside in the world.

W. G. HOSKINS

Charles II: His Life and Likeness. By Hesketh Pearson. Heinemann. 21s.

At a service at St. Mary's in Oxford at the height of the Civil War, Charles I rapped the fifteen-year-old Prince of Wales over the head to stop him joking too publicly with the girl sitting about him. 'The incident reveals their characters', we are told. 'Father and son were opposite in nature, the one solemn enough to be stupid, the other gay enough to be intelligent'. There is much of this sort of generalization in Mr. Hesketh Pearson's new biography. It is as admiring as Sir Arthur Bryant's famous book of nearly thirty years ago, but the latter's rather saccharine tone is replaced by an all-pervading, deflating irony which becomes in the end more enervating. Another difference is that Bryant's work was based on a wide and thorough reading of the sources.

Charles II figures here not as a patriot king but as a gentle, tolerant, civilized prince who hated only vindictiveness and wanted everyone to be happy. Mr. Pearson finds none of 'the vicious animosity that had always been a hidden streak in his character', which Mr. J. P. Kenyon remarked in his recent study of the Stuarts. It depends how you select your evidence. Mr. Pearson, for instance, gives Charles credit for commuting Sir Henry Vane's sentence from

hanging, drawing and quartering to beheading, without mentioning that Charles intervened to have Vane executed after he had granted a petition from both Houses to spare his life. There are too many such distortions and evasions.

What mainly prevented Charles's subjects from sharing his sweetness and light was apparently religion. In this

he was out of step with his earnest contemporaries, but it was as well to be out of step with human beings who closely resembled the Gadarene swine. In England, as before in Scotland, he was a sane man in a lunatic asylum . . . He was much too intelligent to believe that any creed

had the monopoly of truth or that any institution could provide a rational or mystical explanation of creation that was mentally and emotionally satisfying.

As much might have been said of Shaftesbury, whom Mr. Pearson damns as 'apart from Oates, the leading lunatic in this madhouse'.

Little more than half the book is devoted to Charles's reign in England, and even when the Restoration is passed we spend more time with the 'buffoons and ladies of pleasure' than with the great issues and conflicts which taxed his formidable political skill so hard. This, though it blurs his likeness where it matters most, has its

compensations, for Mr. Pearson copes better with what he finds the 'refreshing shamelessness' of Charles's private life than with serious matters of state. His attempt, for instance, to depict the secret Treaty of Dover as 'a triumph for the English King' and the whole subsequent decade as a success story for his policy is as shallow as it is perfunctory. 'As to the ethics of these proceedings', he writes of the treaty, 'all that need be said is that sound morality has never been the basis of material advantages'. This is perhaps carrying identification with his subject's viewpoint rather far.

A. H. WOOLRYCH

New Novels

The Leopard. By Giuseppe di Lampedusa. Translated by Archibald Colquhoun. Collins and Harvill. 16s.

The Knights of Malta. By Roger Peyrefitte. Translated by Edward Hyams. Secker and Warburg. 18s.

Thief. By Rupert Croft-Cooke. Eyre and Spottiswoode. 15s.

AS MOST OF THIS ARTICLE will be devoted to celebrating the most remarkable windfall in contemporary fiction—more remarkable, in terms of pure art, than *Doctor Zhivago* itself—it is only right for the reviewer to arraign himself firmly on the side of genius, assert its superiority and clear the decks for action. The late Prince of Lampedusa's majestic *Il Gattopardo*, first published two years ago in Milan and now admirably translated for us by Mr. Archibald Colquhoun, is incontestably a masterpiece, using that sparing word carefully. The translation's 'blurb' tells us that the author's favourite writer was Stendhal. If so, he wrote a very un-Stendhalian novel. Turgenev, Flaubert, and Proust—in that order—appear to be its three prime and essential inspirations.

Much has already been written about the strange origin and provenance of this book. Sometime in the spring of 1956, the Prince of Lampedusa, a Sicilian aristocrat in his early sixties, dying of cancer, deposited an unsigned manuscript copy of the novel with a friend. A publisher's reader—and, as admirers of Meredith know, the best of them are fallible—declared it to be unpublishable. The book remained buried in the unfriendly drawer until the summer of 1957, when it was discovered and acclaimed by Signor Feltrinelli, *Zhivago's* original publisher, who realized that in this instance again he had to deal with a *chef d'oeuvre* of the highest distinction. The happy result we all now know. Unlike the British, Italians are not great book-buyers. But they are an old and a highly civilized people, and they know a good thing when they see one. In the last two years, the Prince di Lampedusa's posthumous novel has sold almost half a million copies throughout the peninsula.

The main action takes place in Sicily between 1860 and 1862, years that saw the ending of the Bourbon Kingdom of the Two Sicilies. The protagonist is the author's great-grandfather, Giulio di Lampedusa, here metamorphosed as the Prince of Salina, amorist and astronomer, the beady-browed '*homme moyen sensuel*', moving at a seigniorial snail's pace through history towards the extinction of his clan and type. ('While there's death there's hope'.)

The Prince, viewed obliquely, and from a multitude of angles throughout his huge territory of dependence, is the real theme of

Lampedusa's book. In the middle of this parched, sun-drenched, cicada-whirring Palermitan landscape there resides a whole chain of being, permeated and dominated by His Excellency, Salina, a despot accountable solely to his own form of moral astrology—his diurnal augury of his own liver and his divination of the stars. Down it stretches, through the Princess (who makes the sign of the Cross before coition), through the Prince's Jesuit confessor, his sons and daughters, his gun dogs, his favourite nephew, his bailiffs and gamekeepers, the mass of human floss and *clientia* that makes up his surround, to the new men, the ant-eaters of his patrimony. Considered from one point of view, Lampedusa's novel, in spite of its languorous and heat-ridden cadences, is a sermon about ancestral treasure—the treasure that moth and rust corrupt. (One of the interesting side-issues that this book raises for the critic is the question of the manner in which a writer learns or *fails to learn* from Flaubert. Mr. Nabokov, in the deplorable conclusion to *Lolita*, has clearly succumbed to the Master. Lampedusa has assimilated him, without harm to the richness of his own nature.)

One of the highest aims of the art of fiction—a test by which real achievement in this most difficult and resplendent of literary art forms may be finally judged—is to harmonize appearance and reality, the local spirit of time and place with the undying human animal, the pain of the eternal human condition. To portray the reality behind the tapestry—for George Eliot, as for Flaubert or James, this has always been the novelist's acid test, or, as the last-named put it, 'the little deadly question'. To cast a shadow by means of a local habitation and a name is the hardest thing that any novelist can do. It is the quality from which the faithful common reader of fiction derives the purest aesthetic enjoyment. By this test *Il Gattopardo* succeeds magnificently. Dogs, hangings, chandeliers, children, the Prince's telescopes, his rum jellies, it is all of a piece, supremely habitable, supremely equilibrating. E. M. Forster has written somewhere of the unsatisfying manner in which some of the best novelists write about food—instancing that depressing and all too insubstantial omelette in *The Ambassadors*. This is emphatically not the case here. The late Prince of Lampedusa had

Virginia Woolf's delight in the five senses, and you can smell the cinnamon in Salina's great tureen of macaroni. It is by the thousand and one cumulative touches of reality that a great novel like *The Leopard* becomes an authentic and an unforgettable representation of life.

After such splendour M. Peyrefitte becomes really rather a bore—especially when filtered to us by way of Mr. Hyams's heavily joky and over-laborious translation. (Mr. Hyams obviously regards his author as an enormously good joke on an immense and impeccable scale of Cartesian sanity and good taste, but this is not necessarily the best way of rendering him.) The most one can say for this blow-by-blow account of Cardinal Canali's struggle with the Knights of St. John is that at least it is more truthful than *Les Clés de Saint Pierre* and better written than *L'Exilé de Capri*. (Neither of these feats is particularly difficult.) Peyrefitte is a vivid journalist of the flushed social columnar type, a monsignorial name-dropper of genius. As a reporter, he can be extremely entertaining, but when he tells us—and I am surprised that his English publisher should have echoed his bad taste on the jacket of this translation—that 'I have not written this book to destroy but to build, to add something to that beautiful edifice, the Holy Catholic Church', he is talking hypocritical rubbish.

One word more about Peyrefitte. He is a most gifted man and, like all great gossip journalists, a talented mimic but there is an element of pure *singe* in his nature that even admirers of his earlier and best novels will always find disturbing. Monkey tricks—as the great author of *La Pucelle* would himself be the first to admit—spell death to the artist. Through using them, he involuntarily elects to abuse his talents, and this M. Peyrefitte now seems to be bent on doing.

In a week less swollen by a major work of art one would like to have said more about Mr. Croft-Cooke's new novel—a brief workman-like vignette of the English underworld, written with a cool Defoeish realism, short but quite long enough to be disturbing, forthright but never straying toward the clinical—so often the pitfall of those who write about contemporary life of this kind. Mr. Croft-Cooke has always been a careful and conscientious craftsman and he is at his best in the present volume.

JOHN RAYMOND

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

Wedding Reflections

THE DAY, and I need not specify which, was invested with all the machinery of dignity and conscious tradition, and yet there was a certain air of inconsequential vacation about it, for it was after all a private happiness that was being publicly decided rather than the fate of nations. It was fitting therefore that the B.B.C., which on the whole rises to occasions as they deserve, should rise to this one not merely with the noble adequacy always at their command but with all that plus a distinct touch of style. A few details were unsatisfactory (the female commentators should have been locked up at dawn and only released as the last straggler snuggled into the last bus home); but all in all I felt that the general conception of the presentation, and its execution, quite outdid even the best that we have known previously in this line.

I could not hope to treat adequately the big issues; but here are a few disorganized wedding reflections. Those marvellous vertiginous camera-positions on the pinnacles of Central Hall and Tower Bridge. Dimbleby—his indispensability: I do not know why no one has been found to approach him, but no one has. His three merits: his sensible sincerity—he can say the obvious thing in the obvious way yet make it acceptable; on the other hand his distinct gift for imaginative phrasing ('And now the bridegroom, all in black, creeps in through the Poets' Corner'); his imperturbability—a minor mishap is dismissed in a well-turned parenthesis ('I am sorry, but one of our cameras has succumbed to the glamour of the occasion'), but his real test came in the afternoon, when the arrival at Tower Pier was delayed by more than an hour, and yet he managed to keep us amused and patient. His tiny demerit: he still has not succeeded in excising the word 'great' from his vocabulary. Jean Metcalfe—her heartiness, her condescension, her hat (which I suggest she trade in for one of Pyre Robertson's deerstalkers). Unexpected guests: a plus for Betjeman, a double-plus for Cocteau, a minus-and-a-bit for Joyce Guess-who. The beautifully delicate 'crowd-management' of the police and the sudden chaos of its disruption. After the human sea retreated, the appalling litter on the strand.

It has been a busy week otherwise, full of interesting items which I must just touch lightly, in the order of their occurrence. On Monday (May 2) 'Panorama', as always. Most concerned retain that too easy posture of righteous petulance, which would carry the more force if supported by a surer grip on fact and language. Robin Day sternly rebuked Mr. Marples for 'the appalling rise in road accidents', and declined to retract when it was demonstrated to him that there has been no 'rise': *rise*, to him, meant evidently simply a *level* or *rate*, not a movement from lower to higher. Ludovic Kennedy was good enough to vouchsafe that 'there have been

Arabs in Tunisia since time began'. Neither, one felt thereafter, had demonstrated his peculiar fitness to point out the errors of the ways of others.

On Wednesday (May 4) 'Laugh Line', première of a new panel game. One resignedly expected some glaring illogicality in the framing of such things, and one got it. Members of the



Mrs. Lawrence, whose property comes under a compulsory purchase order by the local council, with Mr. Kendrew-Jones, a surveyor, in 'The Property in Question'

public contribute story-situations with captions. The panel then alters the situations and provides new captions, and the results on the studio audience are measured with what is doubtless called a laughometer. Very clever the panel are, too; but the prize-money goes to the original



The 'Brains Trust' on May 5: left to right, Sir Roy Hattersley, Mrs. Shirley Williams, Sir Ifor Evans, and Robert Kee (chairman)

contributor whose own efforts, it will be seen, have been deliberately excluded from the reckoning.

'Koran' (also May 4) is thin stuff after Chan Canasta, though he appears to use similar devices. He is a competent manipulator, but half his 'tricks' are trickeries (such as divining the birthdays of persons whose statistics are on public record); and the other half may baffle but fail to engage. 'Matters of Medicine' was a good straightforward exposition of the problem of coronary thrombosis—the best of this series so far. 'Ten Bridges' was no doubt intended to be arty but came out as pointless highlyly pigeoned, and it was not easy to see why it had been chosen for repetition.

On Thursday (May 5) *The Children and the Swallows*, a film from Japan, did not lack the visual beauty, the clarity of feeling and simplicity in life, that one associates with that most naturally artistic of countries (though incidentally those birds were surely martins?). 'The Property in Question' was a first-class documentary, all the better for taking obvious sides and in any other week I should have wished to devote considerable space to it: it left one stirred, informed and angry instead of mildly amused or bored, as is usually the case. In the 'Brains Trust' Mrs. Shirley Williams, an authorized Brain, used, in all Fabian seriousness, the word *middleclassization*.

HILARY CORKE

DRAMA

Nazi Legacy

AMONG THE NAZI PARTY'S LESSER CRIMES against humanity is the legacy of terrible plays it has inflicted on us. National Socialist drama itself, so I hear, is no loss to the theatre; but it can scarcely be worse than the arid wastes of high-minded indignation with which writers of England and America answered freedom's call.

These plays no longer have the power to blackmail their way into acceptance on the strength of subject matter; but somehow they

continue to get performances—no least by the B.B.C., within whose domain there seems to lurk a belief that Hitler is still at large, biding his time. As recently as one month ago, with the productions of *Glorious Morning* and *The Boy Who Carried a Torch*, I said my say about police state melodramas; now, with the ill-timed revival of Elmer Rice's *Judgment Day* (May 8), the same duty presents itself again. I would be interested to know what quirk of planning led to a revival of both *Glorious Morning* and the Rice play in the 'Twentieth Century Theatre' series, especially as the one striking fact about *Judgment Day* is its early date (1934), was concealed by prefixing it with the date of its London production (1937).

Even when the events of the Reichstag Fire were fresh in the memory, *Judgment Day* is said not to have gone down well with American audiences and critics; and looked at from the present vantage point, Rice seems to be playing a



Scene from *Judgment Day*, with (left to right) Ronald Adam as Slatarski, Gerald Cross as Tsankov, John Slater as General Rakovski, Christopher Steele (seated) as Sturdza, and Bernard Archard as Vlora

God. He takes a real situation—the Reichstag Fire trial—and proceeds to rearrange it to his own liking, bringing in an apparent survivor of pre-war German liberalism to judge the case, and allowing a sanctimonious young American to hold the floor whenever the mood takes him. Tired of arguing in the end, he trundles the dictator himself into court and has him shot by one of the judges. By calling the piece a melodrama, Rice does not erase the impression of a small boy who gets bored with his game of soldiers and finishes it by kicking them over.

Highly melodramatic in its style of delivery, Elwyn Jones's production shrank back from melodramatic action—the bomb-throwing incident and the final shooting both being dispatched with perfunctory rapidity. A resilient cast hacked their way through the dead dialogue, handling such lines as 'It is not enough to know how to live; one must also know how to die', and 'They've murdered him—you beasts', with a care they scarcely deserved. John Slater, Isa Miranda, and Bernard Archard managed to salvage something from the wreck, and Tony Abbott's circular set with its centred witness stand had an effective concentration.

Hart and Kaufman's *The Man Who Came to Dinner* (May 7) made a stunning comparison with the film version of the comedy, revived on television a month or two ago. With Kaufman Enterprises you can take your pick—marvellous caustic dialogue, or shamelessly conformist plots for which only Mr. Kaufman himself could find a fittingly annihilating description. The film—with Monty Woolley riding the chaos like an imperturbable Bostonian Shaw, and Jimmy Durante tumbling over the furniture like a frolicsome chimpanzee—plumped firmly for the second alternative, and the result was another crazy family movie complete with the warm human message so dear to the heart of American showmen. Not so did Patrick Dromgoole get to work on the play. His ebulliently heartless production edged the romance between Whiteside's secretary and the small-town newspaper man into a properly marginal position—interesting only as a means of touching off Whiteside's intrigue against the misalliance.

Mr. Dromgoole never gave sentiment a chance. At the first whiff of orgies at Lake Placid with the voluptuous Lorraine, the journalist was waltzing round Whiteside's wheel-chair, hat tipped over his eyes; and from carefully composed parallel groupings of the two girls, it was plain that there was nothing to choose between

Lorraine and the secretary for cold, flinty opportunism. Set free from emotional entanglements, and with its showbiz gossip sensibly brought up to date, the play turned on its bearings with oiled, gleaming precision. How beautifully its situations are prepared. Before her ultimate indignity of being locked in an Egyptian sarcophagus, for instance, the authors give Lorraine her one serious speech—and they hit on the exact vein of self-deluded, pretentious platitude which lies within the character's range. 'This', she says, 'was once a woman, just like me'. Before slamming her inside, Mr. Dromgoole milked even more fun from the situation

resemblances between Giles Overreach and Giles Mompesson—a Member of Parliament for The Bedwyns and a litigious, speculative, projecting fellow. And ill-will between spendthrift land-owning lords in decline and rising thrifty citizens was current for a long time. Massinger's joke about credit could be solemnly confirmed by modern economists. Indeed I noted passages in the play very similar in mood and ideas to recent American works of social self-criticism. Conspicuous spending, status symbols—quite a lot of the language of popular sociology could be attached to this play.

Sir Donald Wolfit plainly enjoyed the rich part of Overreach and cursed, bullied, and wheedled with a will. But he was also good at the mad logic by which the demon justifies all his greed by the wish that his daughter may become 'honourable' (i.e., titled and receiving deference). The production by Raymond Raikes was fast and light—up to the passages of near tragedy. Mary Duddy was amiable as well as pathetic as Margaret Overreach, and Derek Smith as Jack Marrall made a good apprentice villain. But the most impressive secondary performance came from Norman Shelley. As Justice Greedy he rolled through the play administering injustice cheerfully in intervals of the crudest slapstick about his appetite.

by having her philosophical reflections eloquently mimed by Banjo (Mark Baker) on the other side of the coffin door. Leo McKern's Whiteside was the most joyous television performance I have seen for many a month. Bullet-headed and bearded like an Asiatic white-slave trade tycoon, he growled through the part with relish, breaking into extraordinary flourishes of pips and squeaks at the moments of delight. His performance, and Jack May's Beverly, brought farce into relation with high comedy.

The week included the dour first episode of *The Secret Kingdom* (May 6), a serialization of Walter Greenwood's novel; serials are never less than competent, but so far this promises to be little more. The Bolshoi's film version of *Eugene Onegin* (May 2)—that compendium of romantic attitudes—was visually ravishing, well synchronized, and contained in Vadim Medvedev the closest approximation to a Byronic hero I have yet seen.

IRVING WARDLE

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Good End to a Series

THE BRITISH DRAMA 1600-1642 series made a good end with *A New Way to Pay Old Debts* (Third, May 6). It is a remarkably solid and durable comedy—which is surprising in two ways. First, much as audiences of many times and places like the 'biter bit' pattern of comic plot, it is generally more happy fantasy than plausible realism. Perhaps writers feel that biters are more likely to go on biting. Philip Massinger engineered the plot and trap, arranged by the virtuous for his authentically terrifying villain Overreach, so that it was practicable and credible. The springs were soundly made of the motives and methods of the encloser and extortioner and the cage is steely.

Secondly, there are topical elements in the play which might have been expected to harm its permanence. Some contemporaries saw



The Man Who Came to Dinner, with Jacqueline Hill as Maggie Cutler, Delena Kidd as Lorraine Sheldon, and Leo McKern as Sheridan Whiteside

A Little South of Heaven (Home, April 30) deserves commendation if only for its mixture of Italian and Australian accents. But the story of the underhand plan of Mamma Chiapetta (Ina de la Haye) to supply her frog-faced son Primo (Robert Rietty) with a beautiful and presumably docile Italian wife instead of an independent Australian girl (Philippa Baker) provided clash of character and plenty of incident as well as national colour. I suppose it would have been against the conventions of comedy for somebody to murder the mother. But for me it would have made the ending happier still.

Another good setting for murder was tried out by Gale Pedrick in *Only One Man for the Part* (Home, April 27). The backstage goings-on of television with the procrastination of scriptwriters, the gossip and deep malice of actors, producers, secretaries was neatly distilled into this brief play.

I was suitably alarmed by much of *A Master of Suspense* by J. Maclaren-Ross (Home, May 5). Florian Valda (Howard Marion-Crawford) was a nasty piece of work as the great film

director and thoroughly deserved a good haunting. And telephone calls from dead victims, apparent pursuit by blind men who can really see, and persistent electronic whistles should have taught him to behave. But I remain mystified about why his secretary who really loved him should play such games with her employer. What *did* she expect to gain from sending him mad? And although I grant that the notion of training a man to hear a whistle outside his normal hearing-threshold is ingenious, it was hard to believe that the noise would go on in the man's mind after the whistle was smashed. Surely conditioning doesn't work like that?

Comfort All the Way by Jimmy Macready (Home, May 7) was a slightly morbidly enjoyable comedy about a catastrophic continental coach tour. The morbidity is in the claustrophobic condition of being in a 'luxury' coach in an unknown land. For the radio dramatist this provides a captive cast which should win a captive audience. The story was cheerful nonsense and the production by Michael Bakewell busy and convincing. Good performances came from Aubrey Woods, Norman Wynne, John Sharp, and John Rye.

FREDERICK LAWS

THE SPOKEN WORD



Summer Term

ON MAY 2, THE B.B.C. school term began, and since then more than 28,000 schools (over 70 per cent. of all the schools in the country) have tuned in to one or more of the fifty-five weekly broadcasts on the Home Service. But these figures only begin to indicate the size of the B.B.C.'s responsibility. We must also remember that School broadcasting must cater for every age group: for the nine-year-old community singer and the school-leaver thinking of a career. It must consider the children of low mental ability and those who will appreciate intermediate French or a talk on orchestral concerts. It must help the London child and the child in the village school; it must support the teacher. And, above all, it must inculcate those qualities more important than skill at geography or mathematics: a sense of morality, religion, and citizenship, and last but certainly not least, some understanding of life and some *joie de vivre*. As the Head of Educational Broadcasting wrote a fortnight ago, school broadcasting must prepare children to face 'the world of easy money and early marriages, of advanced technologies and confused purposes, of mass entertainment and menacing world events'. It sounds, in black and white, a daunting programme; but thirty years of regular experience have not only matured school broadcasting, they have left it remarkably fresh and versatile.

Last week (May 2) I heard an extremely competent twenty-minute feature on the police, designed for fourteen-year-olds with careers a few years ahead; it contrived to suggest the glamour, variety, and routine of blue-lamp careers, and it showed the police force as a fine public service without, for a single fleeting moment, sounding 'pi'. This feature (in the series 'The World of Work') was followed by a hold-all of a French lesson bursting with information and idiom: it was a spirited programme, too, and twenty minutes' unbroken (if slow-motion) French was enough to conjure up quite a *souçon* of French atmosphere. On May 3, in 'Stories and Rhymes', Maria Edgeworth's tale *The Basket Woman* pointed its series of morals in a charming, archaic manner; and in Senior English II scenes from Shaw's *Saint Joan* were helpfully introduced and

vivaciously played. On May 4, in 'Stories from World History', we heard a remarkably vivid, well-tailored little feature on Mark Twain; and next day brought us a lively geography lesson: a script on Merseyside which gave the facts with pace and variety. Indeed the qualities of pace and variety could be found throughout the first week of the broadcasting term, and one critic really enjoyed going back to school.

It was appropriate to begin Mr. Owen Leeming's series, 'A Day at School', the same week; and the first of his four programmes (Home Service, May 6), a radio montage of an independent school, gave us a plausible likeness of a school day, from prayers to scout meeting. We bearded the headmaster (not a penny the richer after twenty-seven years as headmaster), we sympathized with the truant sent out of class for talking, and we sympathized even more with the housekeeper who was down by six every morning to make regimental quantities of porridge. We moved from gymnasium to dining-room to playground, heard pupils vaulting horses, discussing their mild ambitions and discussing their masters (who returned the compliment). It was a pity that Mr. Leeming could not have trailed an invisible tape-recorder and caught the pupils talking unawares. Some of his victims seemed just a little microphone-conscious. But, as the popular master said to his gratified classes, the programme was *bon* ('that's a French word, you know').

It was partly reaction to the classroom that led me to hear 'On the Whizz' (Home Service, May 4). This was a horribly fascinating inquiry into the ancient craft of picking pockets: 'a better living', as one professional explained, 'than most people get with work'. And so it could be, if you chanced to find £250 in a wallet. What struck me most was the curious twisted logic of the dip, the familiar Robin Hood code: 'A true pickpocket never picks the pockets of a working-class type'. I was also struck by the feelings of family tradition in the job, and by the obliging gullibility of the public. I was relieved to hear a stern warning from Scotland Yard at the end.

The latest edition of 'Abroad in London' (Home Service, May 2) gave us an impression of the French community: a patchy water-colour where we wanted a large bright canvas. One cannot blame the producer, as the programme belonged to a series, but the subject was much too large for twenty minutes. What we really wanted was a large-scale survey: a historical feature on French expatriates. But perhaps that will come.

And, finally, a bouquet for the commentators who presented The Wedding on sound. They gave us a very commendable picture of what, alas, was a televisual occasion. Audrey Russell quite excelled herself.

JOANNA RICHARDSON

MUSIC



Mendelssohn and Others

READERS OF ROMAIN ROLLAND will remember the passage about Jean-Christophe who is so in love with a work he hears that the thought that it must come to an end almost destroys his rapture in listening to it. I had something of this feeling during the broadcast of Mendelssohn's Second String Quintet (Third, May 4). Why this amazing work should be so seldom given I cannot imagine, except that five string players are not easily assembled, which is a reason for real gratitude for this choice by the Aeolian String Quartet and their associate, Gwynne Edwards. There may, of course, be another reason for its neglect. Not so long ago

Mendelssohn suffered from being too popular and it may be difficult for us nowadays to believe that a composer of such pronounced Victorian associations should also have written music that transcends any kind of period prejudice. The best of Mendelssohn certainly does, or so, at any rate, I felt from this excellent performance of the Second Quintet, so firm in outline, so wonderfully vivacious and nimble too, with delicious flowers of counterpoint and not a moment of padding.

Then came Mozart's Quintet in D. Again a beautifully sustained and sensitive performance, particularly when it came to the sophisticated by-play among the strings in the last movement. My only complaint with this programme is that the Mozart work should have been played at the beginning and not the end—not for chronological reasons but because the Mendelssohn Quintet does somehow grow out of the Mozartian spirit.

Mendelssohn, clearly enough, was at the back of Borodin's mind when writing his early unfinished Piano Trio, broadcast for the first time the same evening, in the Home Service. Indeed, at the end of the agreeable three movements this composer was felt to be rather too much in the front of Borodin's mind. Unfortunately, Borodin was attracted to the sugary qualities of Mendelssohn. Later he was able to conceal this early attachment, but I do not think he ever entirely forgot it. The new Trio shows the extent to which memories of Mendelssohn haunted even *Prince Igor*.

What a humbling experience is the guessing game called 'The Innocent Ear'! (Third, May 2). The four composers of last week's programme were Arne, Roussel, Schoenberg, and Bax, and anyone might feel reasonably sure of spotting their distinctive styles. In fact you are not likely to unless you happen to know the work itself which presents an unusual and little-known view of the composer. When it came to Schoenberg's Suite for Strings in G a friend suggested 'a composer like Reger who lived on until the nineteen-thirties', which wasn't bad, for this tonal work by the atonal Schoenberg gave the curious impression of being in the key and off the key at the same time. Bax' *Romantic Overture* must be one of the longest of modern overtures—a tantalizing problem again since prolixity is not a conspicuous fault of Bax. A minor work of Strauss was my own not too shameful attempt.

The two American conductors, Thomas Scherman and Peter Herman Adler, both gave interesting programmes, particularly Scherman (Home, May 3) who had the brilliant idea of contrasting Shostakovich's Scherzo for String and Copland's Clarinet Concerto. The former is a short early work, chock full of musical ideas, whereas Copland's work is actually rather poor in ideas though these do not appear so because they are spun out with great ease and assurance. At the end of his concert Scherman gave a delicate and nervously alive performance of Dvořák's String Serenade.

In Adler's programme the following evening (also Home Service) Samuel Barber's *Knoxville* a setting of an autobiographical essay by James Agee, struck me as an ingenuous work, simple and charming, somewhat spoilt by the heavy scoring in the central part, but concluding with a delightful evocation of a summer evening in New England, the instrumental effects here, for horns and flutes, being most memorable. The soprano solo was very happily undertaken by Helen George, a singer with a fresh, easily produced voice who is obviously a tasteful and intelligent musician. Adler's performance of Smetana's *Vysehrad* was massive and commanding, but in Schubert's Second Symphony he was inclined to drive his tempos on too vigorously, making some-

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ing unnecessarily boisterous out of this slender work.
Liszt's piano solo arrangement of Beethoven's seventh Symphony (Third, May 5), expertly played by Friedrich Wührer, was a splendid notice for a late night programme. It is a severely faithful arrangement made to introduce the work to amateurs in the days before the

gramophone. Yet how pianistic is the texture—often more so than some of Beethoven's original piano works. On the face of it, a two-hand arrangement would appear to yield less than the common four-hand arrangements. Comparing the versions more closely, however, we find this to be not altogether true. The monolithic Beethoven symphonies do not really lend them-

selves to piano duets; they are too single-minded. In the two-hand arrangement, what Liszt provides, under the pianist's ten fingers, are illusions. That is to say, at the keyboard the performer is to imagine himself half conductor, half pianist—as indeed were both Beethoven and Liszt.

EDWARD LOCKSPEISER



On Performing the Music of the Restoration

By WILFRID MELLERS

A programme of Restoration music will be broadcast at 10.5 p.m. on Wednesday, May 18 (Third)

IN HIS BRILLIANT and penetrating *Character* of Charles II the Earl of Halifax speaks thus of the restored monarch:

The Familiarity of his Wit must needs have the Effect of lessening the Distance fit to be kept to him. The Freedom used to him whilst abroad, was retained by those who used it longer than either they ought to have kept it, or he have suffered it, and others by their Example learned to use the same. A King of Spain that will say nothing but *Tiendro cuydado*, will, to the generality, preserve more Respect; an Engine that will speak but sometimes, at the same time that it will draw the Raillery of the Few who judge well, it will create Respect in the ill-judging Generality. Formality is sufficiently revenged upon the World for being so unreasonably laughed at; it is destroyed it is true, but it hath the spiteful Satisfaction of seeing every thing destroyed with it. . . . Where Wit will run continually, the Spring is apt to fail; so that it groweth vulgar, and the more it is practised, the more it is debased.

That quotation—and Halifax's *Character* as a whole—is not merely the portrait of an individual: the King is the State, so Halifax portrays so a world and an age. We can learn from Halifax, better than from any history book, what happened to 'the mind of England' when, in our seventeenth-century Civil War, the values and attitudes of the middle class triumphed over both the Puritan, popular cause, and over the Anglo-Catholic, aristocratic cause. And our awareness of a change in temper should be directly related to the ways in which we perform the music created by King Charles II's composers.

The New Spirit

Consider rhythm, which comes first because the essence of the new spirit was centred in the dance rather than in the voice. In part, of course, this was a general development in European music during the seventeenth century: when the violin family ousted the viol family because violins had a brighter, sharper tone more easily audible at large court festivities, and because violins lent themselves to the clearly defined accents of the dance. So certain principles of performance are common to all seventeenth-century instrumental music. The phrasing should preserve flexibility of nuance (surviving from the old vocal techniques), while being absorbed into the lilt of dance movement. Phrasing should be short, articulation precise, as *legato* than in later music, with plenty of 'light' between the phrases: so that the music has melodic buoyancy, rhythmic vivacity, and at the same time a certain flamboyance.

While this is true of all European music in the seventeenth century, none the less the particular situation in England compared with France and Italy does make a difference. In

English music even the rhythms of ceremonial splendour should contain within them a quality of jaunty insouciance, comparable with the extrovert swagger of the Restoration lyric; the heroic should be modified by a touch of low, brash animality, of exuberant sexual bounce. This is evident in the English transformation of the French convention of *notes inégales*. French composers of the time interpreted the written notes with various kinds of rhythmic alteration, governed by recognized conventions; and the alterations were not written out because they were too subtle to be noted. The Restoration partiality—especially in ceremonial pieces—for a tum-ti-tum-ti-tum dotted rhythm is a written-out version of the French convention whereby quavers in groups of four were played with the first note of each pair elongated. The French version admits of varying degrees of elongation and varying emotional effect; the English version, tending always to double the dots, is more aggressive: the Plain Man's conscious assertion of superiority—whereas Couperin simply knew he was superior!

Change in a Convention

There is a similar change in the English exploitation of the complementary unequal note convention—that wherein the first note of two quavers is played shorter than the second. In Couperin the range of inequality—and of emotional connotation—varies from tender caress to noble lament. In Blow and Purcell the effect becomes more like a syncopation: either a savage frisk (as in the huntsmen's chorus from *Venus and Adonis*) or a sobbing wail (as in *Venus's* or *Dido's* Lament).

In the latter context, of course, the rhythmic convention has become inseparable from harmony and ornamentation: for the 'Lombard' syncopation that in Purcell becomes a sob is almost always a dissonant appoggiatura. English composers of the Restoration tend to write out their ornamentation—both the harmonic, appoggiatura type and the melodic, melismatic type—more fully than their French and Italian contemporaries. One reason for this was that since they were deliberately imitating the French and Italians they could not take it on trust that performers would 'grace' the music naturally and spontaneously. But the higher proportion of written-out ornamentation also suggests a greater element of conscious rhetoric. In the French and Italian music heroic passion flows of innate necessity into heroic ornamentation; in English Restoration music the passion is still there but the heroism has become a conscious extravagance. The ornamentation projects the passion in terms of the actor's voice and even his physical gestures. The difference is exactly comparable to that between Racine's heroic tragedy and that of one of his Restoration imitators.

In much minor Restoration music there is little except the panache; but something of this theatricality should be present even when, in Purcell, the authenticity of the passion rends the heart and wrings the withers. Consider, for instance, the two wonderful funeral elegies written, for one and two voices respectively and continuo, on the occasion of the Queen's death. In a sense, they are heroic state-music, a ceremonial act. Yet they are also Purcell's personal testament about the fact of death and its emotional implications; and the ferocious dissonances and wildly whirling melismata spring from a depth of passion that Restoration society preferred to ignore.

This music reveals how narrow is the borderline between civilization and chaos; and paradoxically the failure of his civilization to attain maturity alone made the music possible. A society more concerned about the proprieties of civilization would have found such emotional libertinism spiritually indecent. Though the feeling involved is not necessarily 'deeper' than that in Couperin's elegiac *Leçons des Ténèbres* for the same resources, it is indubitably different; and whereas the Couperin needs to be sung with full-blooded lyricism, it does not involve the actor-singer's physical presence—the thrust of the arm, the throwing back of the head—as does the Purcell.

Rhetorical Exhibitionism

It is bound to be difficult for us relatively inhibited creatures of the twentieth century to perform this music convincingly; and the greater the music the more difficult it becomes. If there is nothing except the rhetoric we can gild it, at least to ourselves. With music such as Purcell's funeral elegies, however, no subterfuge is possible. The virtuosity of the coloratura is rhetorical exhibitionism, which we must indulge in without a trace of shame. Only then, with shame banished, shall we discover that the theatrical projection covers all that (and probably much more than) we know of loving and hating, of living and dying.

The Henry Wood Promenade Concerts will open at the Royal Albert Hall on July 23 and continue until September 17. Tickets for seats and for promenade (standing) for the first and last nights will be allocated by four ballots: 1, for first concert (seats); 2, for first concert (promenade, standing); 3, for last concert (seats); 4, for last concert (promenade, standing). Written application must be made separately for each ballot, accompanied by an unstamped envelope, to the Royal Albert Hall, London, S.W.7, by June 4. Envelopes must be marked in the top left-hand corner with the number of the ballot: money should not be enclosed. The prospectus (price 6d., by post 10d.) will be available from June 13.

Brandt of Berlin

(concluded from page 831)

we are in now not as 'East Germany' but as 'Central Germany'; and they show the territory you lost to Poland as merely 'Polish Administered Territory'. The clear implication seems to be that even the most enlightened of your German leaders are trying to preserve the possibility of pushing back to the old frontiers of Germany.

Brandt: This term 'Central Germany' was not originally a political term. It is a geographical term, and we learned in school that this was Central Germany. On the other hand, I think it is true that at the Potsdam Conference in 1945 the United Kingdom and the United States made a statement that only a peace conference should decide upon the border lines of Germany. It is perhaps too much to demand that German political leaders should go beyond that statement. This does not mean that every political leader believes he really can get back what one has called the East German territories, but perhaps some of us still think that certain modifications might be possible to agree upon.

McKenzie: There is one other place I want to look at in the Reichstag Building, and that is the Chamber where the old German democracy used to meet in the period from 1918 to 1933. In it we saw either the murder or the suicide of a democracy. I sometimes wonder which it was.

Brandt: I think there was a mixture of various factors. One of the reasons was that already during the first three years after the first world war we had so many parties—more than twenty; it was difficult to form stable governments. We had on one side a rather important wing of

German political life, which really would not accept democracy as a basis of national life; on the other side we had a rather strong Communist Party. So then, after the September elections in 1930, the nazis entered the Reichstag with a group of 110, I think it was, and the Communists had some 80 members. Finally, we got a situation where the two extreme wings had a majority, but they could not agree upon the government. In addition we had the world economic crisis; we had 7,000,000 unemployed, and those responsible for the Weimar Republic, unfortunately, were not able to agree upon a constructive positive economic policy.

McKenzie: But now, Herr Brandt, it is fifteen years since the war ended, and German democracy has survived those years. The Chancellor is not immortal: we wonder what will come after the present régime, and whether democracy is really taking root in Western Germany?

Brandt: When I returned to Germany in 1946 I expected that we would have more difficulties than we have had. I think we have better chances today than the Weimar Republic had, if we do not think about East Germany. But one could not expect that Germany would be, so to say, chemically free from the tendency of a bad past.

McKenzie: Yet it took Hitler only five years to spring from very small beginnings to the moment he could destroy a democracy here.

Brandt: I think you would find today, not only political leaders but also a mass of people who have made up their mind that they never again would accept a totalitarian régime,

especially in this city of Berlin. We have gone through this experience twice. Here we have seen the consequences of Hitlerism, and most of us have decided that, even if it means sacrifices, we will not accept a new totalitarianism. This is also the reason why we in Berlin have taken serious measures in connexion with certain neo-nazi activities. One should not over-estimate the importance of these tendencies, but we find them and we have not only to ask our police and our courts to do whatever they are able to do but also we are working with our teachers so that the young generation may get a fair idea about what happened during the nazi period, and also about their individual responsibility in being citizens of a democratic Germany.

McKenzie: Herr Brandt, surely you cannot solve the Berlin problem on its own; surely you must go into national politics in West Germany?

Brandt: Perhaps I already am. Being the Mayor of Berlin, I belong to what we call the Bundestag, in Bonn, which is a kind of Upper House representing the State Governments, and I belong to the central body of my own party which is the opposition party in West Germany but the majority party here in Berlin.

McKenzie: But, more than that, the whole future of your party leadership is surely going to be an issue very soon?

Brandt: That is true: party leadership in the sense of the man who could eventually be responsible for a new government. But, at this moment, and for the foreseeable future, my job is here in Berlin.



The World Bridge Olympiad

By HAROLD FRANKLIN and TERENCE REESE

THE FIRST WORLD BRIDGE OLYMPIAD was played at Turin from April 23 to May 5, and on Sunday in Network Three the tournament was reviewed by a panel of five: Mrs. Rixi Markus, of the British ladies' team; Mr. Albert Morehead, bridge correspondent of *The New York Times*; Mr. Louis Tarlo, non-playing captain of the British open team; Terence Reese, of the British open team; and Harold Franklin, a tournament director at Turin.

In the open championship twenty-nine teams took part, four from the U.S.A., two from Sweden, and one from each of twenty-three other countries. The teams were divided into three sections for the qualifying round. The finalists, in the order of finishing, were France, Great Britain, three American teams, Italy.

At lunch time on the last day the British team appeared certain to win, but in the last forty boards one player was tired and over-anxious, another pair had an indifferent session, and meanwhile France scored a big win against a demoralized Italy. Thus France won by one victory point. Britain had won all its matches in the qualifying round and had an overall record of 12 wins, 1 loss, and 1 winning draw.

In the ladies' championship also Britain looked the likely winners near the finish, but in its last three matches the team scored only 1 victory point out of 12. The winners were United Arab Republic followed by France, Denmark and Britain.

The panel discussed first a hand from Britain's match against the American team designated as S/1. With North the dealer at love all, West held:

♠ J 8 ♥ A 9 ♦ Q 7 6 4 ♣ A K Q 8 4

After two passes South opened One Heart, and the first question was what overcall West should make. Mr. Schapiro's actual bid of One No Trump was supported by all the panel.

North passed and East then jumped to Three Hearts, the enemy suit. What now? Mr. Morehead regarded this bid as forcing and voted for Four Hearts. Mrs. Markus preferred Three No Trumps. Mr. Tarlo made it close between Four Hearts and No Bid, and so did Franklin. Reese thought that West should pass and that Four Clubs was preferable to Four Hearts. In practice, Three No Trumps would have been the best chance for game, as East held:

♠ Q 4 2 ♥ Q J 10 5 3 ♦ A 9 8 5 2 ♣ —

The contract at both tables in the match was Four Hearts, one down.

The second hand occurred during the disastrous spell on the last day. At game all, these were the cards of East and West:

WEST		EAST	
♠ K Q 9 3		♠ A 8 7 6 5 2	
♥ —		♥ 9 7 3	
♦ 10		♦ A 8 6 4	
♣ K 10 9 7 6 5 3 2		♣ —	

With Mr. Schapiro West and Reese East, the bidding went:

SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
1H	2C	2NT	No
3NT	4C	4H	Dble
No	No	No	

This contract was made with an overtrick. North's Two No Trumps included a void in spades and was a bluff based on good heart support. It caught the British pair on the wrong foot, for thirteen tricks could have been made in spades. The majority opinion of the panel was that it was not easy for East to come in as the bidding went and that West should have removed the double to Four Spades on his defenceless hand.

or the Housewife

Curtains and Pelmets

By ADRIENNE SPANIER



THE THING THAT can make or mar a room most easily is the curtaining of the windows. To be successful, curtains need not necessarily be made of expensive materials—it is the colour and the details that count. I feel that all curtains are improved by being lined; this makes them hang better and look better. Most people automatically use a beige sateen, but why not have a coloured lining?

Formal rooms should always have long curtains, but in other rooms the shape of the windows helps one to decide on the length. For instance, a window with a low sill will look nicer with curtains to the floor.

Whenever short curtains suit a window better, make them about four to six inches below the sill, and I always try to get them to draw well back so that they make the window look bigger and let in the maximum amount of light.

I find with pelmets there are endless points to watch. If the material is plain, one can have more or less any shape, as long as it is in proportion to the height of the curtains. For instance, a tall window with long curtains should have a deeper pelmet than a small window with short curtains. But if one is using a figured material the pattern should guide one in the shape of the pelmet. For instance, when I use a chintz with evenly spaced sprigs of flowers I make the pelmet scalloped, with a sprig of the pattern in the middle of each scallop. If a curtain is striped it is important to make sure that the shape of the pelmet fits exactly in with the stripes. It is also attractive with a striped material to run it longways, so that, although the stripes run vertically down the curtains, they

run horizontally along the pelmet. Some people nowadays have hardboard pelmets, but I find that these usually look too thin, so to make them look more solid I put a fillet of wood run along the bottom edges of the hardboard—inside, not outside. This makes the pelmet look thicker, but still streamlined.

For curtains that can be washed, as against those that are better cleaned, I use gathered valances instead of pelmets, as the buckram in pelmets will not wash. To make it easier to take down these valances, I have them fixed with press studs. I use the sort ready fixed on a tape, tack one half on to the pelmet board and sew the other half on to the valance, then one flick and the whole thing is down, and putting it up again is child's play.

Nowadays it is fashionable not to have a pelmet or valance at all. In this case I would fix the curtain on a pole or on a very tidy railway, as it will be seen when the curtains are open; then finish them with what is known as a pinch-pleated heading—in other words, instead of the curtains having even fullness, it is created by little bunches of pleats which are spaced out at intervals. Remember, if you have no pelmet you need a deep enough heading to hide the rail when the curtains are drawn.

Finally, the most important question of all: how full should curtains be? I have found that most people's idea that they should be one-and-a-half times the width of the window is not enough. Double the width is luxurious; so I think the width should be somewhere between one-and-a-half times and double. This may sound extravagant, but ample curtains of a

cheap material look far grander than skimpy ones of something costing, say, £3 a yard.

—'Woman's Hour' (Light Programme)

Notes on Contributors

- MARGERY PERHAM, C.B.E. (page 827): Lecturer in Politics, Oxford University, and Fellow in Imperial Government at Nuffield College; author of (with Elspeth Huxley) *Race and Politics in Kenya, Lugard—The Years of Adventure*, etc.
- ROBERT MCKENZIE (page 830): Reader in Sociology, London University; author of *British Political Parties*, etc.
- H. W. R. WADE (page 835): Lecturer in Law, Cambridge University
- J. A. G. GRIFFITH (page 835): Professor of English Law, London University; editor of *Public Law*
- SIR ALISTER HARDY, F.R.S. (page 839): Linacre Professor of Zoology and Comparative Anatomy, Oxford University; author of *The Open Sea*, etc.
- DAVID DAICHES (page 841): Lecturer in English, Cambridge University; author of *Robert Burns, Literary Essays*, etc.
- HENRI TAJFEL (page 846): Tutor in Psychology, Department of Social and Administrative Studies, Oxford University
- DAVID PIPER (page 850): Assistant Keeper, National Portrait Gallery; author of *The English Face*
- WILFRID MELLERS (page 861): composer and musicologist; author of *François Couperin*

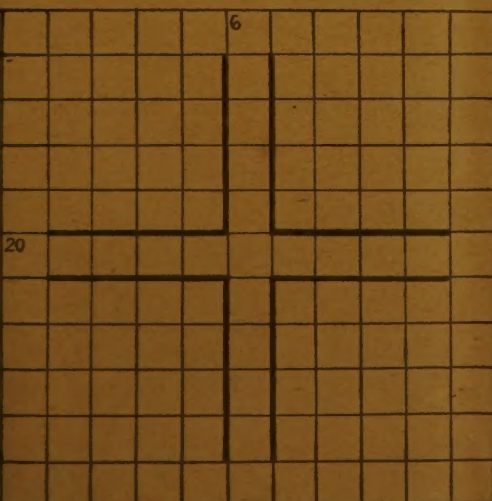
Crossword No. 1,563

Foursquare

By Jac

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, May 19. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final



The puzzle differs from the orthodox type of crossword in that (a) the only clues immediately identifiable as being in their correct order are 20A. and 6D., (b) the remainder of the clues are grouped (not in order) to relate to each of the four 'blocks' of ten five-letter lights on either side of 20A. and 6D., and (c) the four eleven-letter lights bordering the puzzle are not separately clued but have to be ascertained by the correct placing of the solved 'blocks'. Punctuation is best disregarded.

CLUES

- 20A. Colour card—in a 9, perhaps? (rev.)
- 6D. a7. representative—in Court 9, perhaps?
- a1. Prevent its end-dividing the cervidae
- a2. There's a monster in the wood!
- a3. Crowned an Irishman to start with
- a4. Three times the French led but they weren't first, apparently
- a5. A noted greeting for one of the amaryllids
- a6. Woman maintaining right to call out
- a7. See 6D.
- a8. Odd topic for embroiderers to discuss
- a9. One taste we have that's similar
- a10. Unspoken thanks to the small-townsmen
- b1. Other nests than their own provide their lebensraum
- b2. The poet's finished doing the rounds of Nigeria's capital
- b3. A dicotyledon is soon docked
- b4. Join in discounting the feat of deeds of arms on both sides
- b5. Clear opening for a juristic afterthought!
- b6. Cat employed as a beast of burden in the Sappers
- b7. Interchange without resistance
- b8. Wines favoured by campers
- b9. Reckons to get the artist upset
- b10. The blusterer's capacity
- c1. Brazilian gunner in the Irish Republican Army

- c2. Grotesque characteristic of one of the hymenoptera?
- c3. Like a pipe? So, apparently, did Shylock's friend!
- c4. Scots Grey
- c5. A grim circle in old Iberia
- c6. Incontinent composer
- c7. Manchurian formation of Outer Mongolian mountain range
- c8. Attained majority some time last month
- c9. Primitive proscription characteristic of the City?
- c10. It causes the water to rise—no need for the breeze up though!
- d1. The battle-cry of the Greeks is after the style of the French
- d2. Stuffs up, being worn out on one's feet
- d3. The sailor, turning-to, appears to be quite a card
- d4. d6, losing its head, gains nothing in Nigeria
- d5. Act as spokesman for a golden-headed goddess?
- d6. Characteristic of the hair of a sanctimonious household god
- d7. It took time in the production of the English version of *Das Dreimäderlhaus*
- d8. Where backward girls with no grammar go?
- d9. It provides opportunity, perhaps, for a policeman in one of the London districts, at least
- d10. Dance that makes only the wench work, apparently

Solution of No. 1,561

BREA'S LEYMERGER
AUSONIANAVULSE
RDOUANEANIMATE
LDYRIDENTLAYER
OLENTLADINOTEE
WERSHEGI SOROMC
BRITTYYENOMENET
RUCHTEPREPTILES
ASKEMISIRICKABY
TSISNERVEG DURRB
SEMICANTGAKIN
PLICATEBOAHIOE
ALTEREDATGENET
ETHERINGTONASS

NOTE

The unclued lights are the names of well-known

1st prize: J. D. Lomax (Prestwich); 2nd Mrs. Eve McLaughlin (Teddington); 3rd Miss J. Gifford (Exeter)

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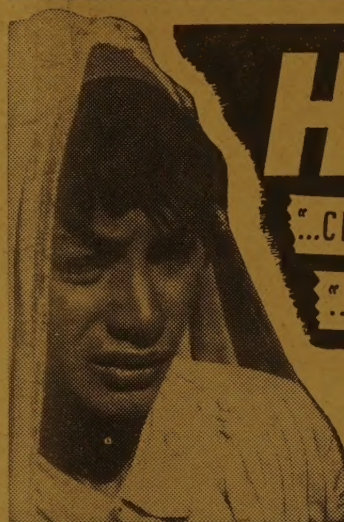
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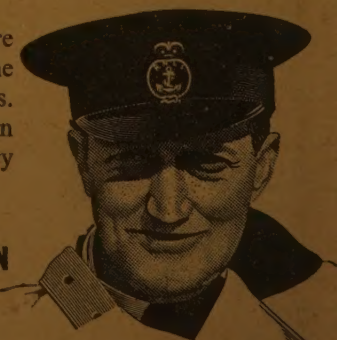
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